

*"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."*

—HEINE.

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AMERICAN LITERATURE AND THE HIGH SCHOOLS.

IN such a paper as this, there are two propositions to be assumed: first, that we as Americans have not yet had a great literature, and second that we wish one. The purpose here is to suggest a way to realize this natural ambition. The first proposition is the statement of a self-evident fact. Compared with the list of great poets whom England has produced during the last century, men whose names sound chords of feeling wherever the English language is spoken, the American contribution is singularly slight. Longfellow, Lowell, and Poe are international in their reach, but the vast majority in Mr. Stedman's "American Anthology" may be safely described as "minor." This condition is not flattering to our national pride, but, as any one may discover from a few minutes' conversation with the average foreigner, it is unfortunately so.

The historic explanation of this fact is not difficult. Critics tell us that we are too engrossed with material things to care for those of the spirit. However true that may be now, we may frankly grant that in the beginning our literature was necessarily material. The first settlers, to be sure, came of the stock that produced the great Elizabethan drama; they may have been the friends of Shakespeare, Jonson, and Donne, but the energy that had previously been expended in literary production was transferred to the felling of forests and the

draining of waste lands. Ben Jonson was right when he termed his plays "works"; creative literature is hard work, and when the mind and body are tired with the physical struggle for existence, as was found by the Brook Farm experimenters, there can be no *literature* in the proper acceptance of the term. The "Day of Doom" is interesting, but it is not to be compared with "Paradise Lost," which was written at the same time.

Scarcely by their victory over the forces of Nature were men free to devote themselves to literature than they were again diverted by a series of national crises. Washington Irving, Cooper, Poe, and Hawthorne had appeared; our literature had begun when the slavery question and its resultants absorbed all the vitality. A literature, to be great, must first be national. Our nation was as a house divided against itself; we find the Concord School, the New York School, the Southern writers, but we look in vain for that man who could represent the *nation*. The "Bigelow Papers" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were not favorite books in the South; nor did Poe's criticism on Longfellow find many sympathetic Northern readers. The ideals of each section were represented, but they were bitterly antagonistic ideals. The very storm and stress of the Civil War did not produce the great singer—the silent poem of heroic action certainly, and that magnificent belief in the justness of his cause which makes a man ready to die for it, but no *literature*.

There is another significant fact, which is apt to be overlooked; yet it has differentiated the development of American literature from that of any other. From the very beginning the rate of illiteracy has been so small that the reading public has been almost coincident with the census returns. Sixty-five per cent. of the inhabitants of New England read the "Day of Doom" published in 1662. From the very beginning our literature was popular; we have been the true "republic of letters." Literature is affected by the laws of supply and demand, exactly as is any other commodity; therefore, it is characterized by the nature of the demand, which in turn

is limited by the desires of the reading populace. Under the previous conditions, during which the other literatures came into being, the percentage of literacy was small, the price of books was high, and naturally it was at a court where all the conditions were best satisfied. The taste of the king determined the taste of the courtiers, and thus a public opinion was created. With a fine mind on the throne, or even a dilettante, fine literature was the concomitant, and equally the reverse. Elizabeth, Leicester, Walsingham, Burleigh, and Southampton are the fathers of the great age, exactly as Charles, Rochester, Buckingham, and Clarendon stand sponsors for the disgrace of the Restoration comedy.

This condition of a one-man power in literature does not exist to-day. The people can afford to pay, and do pay, far more than any one man, be he emperor or prince. This is the explanation of the dominance of the light novel as the characteristic literary form of to-day. Bill Smith or Mrs. Jones—while excellent people in their every-day lives, good fathers and fine mothers—at the end of their day's work distinctly prefer to pay one dollar and twenty cents for a book that is forgotten as they read than any sum however small for a volume of poems however good. This is the age of the Philistine; we are told that poems do not sell. To change to an allied art for the illustration, the majority of our countrymen honestly prefer such a picture as "Breaking Home Ties" to any Italian madonna double starred by Baedeker. Literature normally follows this demand. The truth of this statement, if there be any who doubt it, may be easily tested by a visit to the leading bookstore of any town in the middle West. There you will find all the new novels and the new magazines, and some antiquated editions of Shakespeare chosen for the bindings; but you will see represented neither Stephen Phillips, nor Rostand, nor Carducci, nor any American poet. The proprietor will tell you that he is not in the business for the sheer love of it, but to make money. He therefore keeps only those books that will sell.

The first step in literary improvement, then, is to create a

demand for fine literature. This demand must arise from the people themselves, not as in former ages from any single coterie that leads the people. This is being done in a variety of ways, especially in such work as the university extension courses. The limitation of that, however, is the fact that they deal only with adults whose taste is already formed and on whom at best only a veneer of culture can be laid. To accomplish widespread results we must begin when the mind is as yet untrained—we must begin with the high schools. The vast proportion of future readers cannot go to college, but can and do pass one or more years in the high school; it is here that the demand must be created—the future of American literature rests in the hands of the English teachers of the high school.

It seems evident, then, in view of this great responsibility, that the English teacher should be more carefully chosen and adequately paid. Unfortunately, it is here that the average school board determines to economize. There is the hampering conviction that anybody who can teach at all can teach English. A text-book is put into the hands of a raw girl graduate from the normal school, and she proceeds to shove indigestible facts down the throats of her unwilling class. Secretly she herself really prefers the works of Laura Jean Libbey, or Marie Corelli, or Bertha Runkle to those of Shakespeare, or Spenser, or any other passé author. But she realizes that she is paid to teach the reverse of this, and so from the beginning an element of falsehood is introduced. Our class-rooms have too long been the training ground for literary hypocrisy. The class quickly learns the important distinction between those authors who are "great" and modern writers who are "interesting"—to talk about the first but to *read* the second. This they never forget. The idea that Shakespeare can be read for pleasure without being studied for an examination is so foreign to them that for the future they carefully avoid ever disturbing the dust on his leaves. It is good to have read Shakespeare once—it is a bore to read him!

The present high school course usually consists of four years. In a high school in the middle West that has the reputation of

being up-to-date in its methods the system is as follows: The first two years are spent in a drill in rhetoric supplemented by a reading of two of Shakespeare's plays and of certain books in the list of the Committee of Ten; the third year is passed in a superficial review of the history of English literature; the fourth year is practically non-existent, as the pupil is only required to produce an "oration" written out of school hours. The principal explained that this last year was not satisfactory, but that the time was taken up by the requirements in the other languages. In that school every pupil is required to have had four years in either French or German, and two or three years in Latin or Greek; his *own* language is the only one that he can afford to neglect!

To all the pupils, both those who expect to go to college and those who do not, is given exactly the same training in English. This is defended on the ground that the college and high school should be closely allied. It is unnecessary to repeat that the vast majority of the pupils who enter the high school do not go to college. Of the last senior class in this same school two-fifths actually went to college. I am indebted to this principal for the surprising and illuminating statement that if you divide by two the number of pupils in any given grade you will have the approximate number in the following grade, because fifty per cent., through lack of money, sickness, or other causes, are unable to continue their studies. Suppose we assume an entering freshman class of one hundred; there will be then fifty in the sophomore, twenty-five in the junior, and fifteen in the senior class. To enable two-fifths of this class, six pupils, to enter college, ninety-four have been forced to take nothing but the preparatory drill; that is to say, the high school believes that the best preparation for a life of work is measured by the ability to pass the entrance-examination papers of a college.

But the object of the college preparatory course and that of the proper high school is vastly different. The college professor requires in those pupils who are to sit under him a certain maturity of mind guaranteed by a definite prescribed training; the love and appreciation for the subject he expects to give

them himself. On the other hand, the high school affords the only opportunity the great majority of the pupils ever have had, or will have, to acquire literary training. Here, if at all, they must be given the love and appreciation for the good in literature that will be a source of comfort and culture in the succeeding busy years. This it is impossible to do under present conditions. What love for Shakespeare can a pupil have who has spent two weary months in looking up the obscurities in a single play? Intensive study is fine in its way—we all believe in laying good foundations; but when the collegiate superstructure can never be added—an abandoned cellar is a feature neither ornamental nor useful in the landscape. President Hadley takes the only rational ground; namely, that the high school should have two distinct courses, and that for pupils who can never go to college the training should approximate college courses.

Surely, with the great interests at stake, the high school pupil has a right to a definite conception of what he is expected to acquire. This object is twofold: first, ability to express himself in clear, logical English, and secondly an appreciation of the fine English of others. From the point of view of business success the first is the more important. The present high school course is, if nothing else, sternly practical. The first two years are given up to an elementary drill on punctuation, capitalization, paragraphing, and rhetorical devices. Boys whose favorite literature is "Jesse James and the Wild West" daily recite that "metonymy is a figure of speech," or learn to differentiate all the metaphors from the similes in the first act of "As You Like It." The result of the two years' work is a fair ability to express a simple thought concisely. By rough, hard drilling, by constant written exercises, by staying after school hours with refractory pupils, the teacher has inculcated in the minds of the most unwilling the fact that each new sentence must begin with a capital.

The great difficulty lies in the fact that the pupil makes a sharp distinction between the language in the class-room and that which he uses when out of it. The expression of the play-

ground is full, racy, and vernacular; his home surroundings train him in idiomatic short-cuts. All the mental environment outside of school hours makes an expression radically different from that which produces high marks in a composition. Good English must necessarily be unconscious English. It is impossible to attain this with the terror of the red pencil flaunting before his eyes as he writes. He should be familiarized with good style until he unconsciously copies it.

But with the second object of his English course, appreciation, the high school pupil has little to do. One year devoted to a cram of historic facts, one year spent in learning *what* to read and not *how* to read—and that is all. Yet one has to learn how to enjoy any of the finer things. Raphael, or Beethoven, or Shakespeare presumably appeals to everybody, but not surely to the extent that these immortals appeal to the thoughtful and refined mind. The appreciation of such work is in itself the greatest pleasure. The greatest gift that the teacher of Shakespeare, for example, can give to his class is a genuine love for the master—not the sentimental appreciation that is the product of pride, but a true desire to read him. This is the one aim that every teacher of Shakespeare should set before his eyes. Gaining this, the other results will follow; failing this, no matter whatever else he may have accomplished, the course has been a failure.

This condition is double-edged. If the English teacher in the high school does not rise to the occasion, he sins not only negatively but positively; he has not only failed to give the love that he should, but he has given a distaste for the beautiful—which is harmful. It is far better for the boy never to have read any given author than to have read him in such a manner that a dislike is created. A boy's unperverted taste is healthy; it is only in school that he learns to hate what is good. The teacher must feel the very serious problem that confronts him. It is a grave moral responsibility; he may be robbing the lad of something that can never be replaced, and that is none the less valuable from the fact that it can never figure in a law case. It would have been far better for the boy to have spent the time

in playing ball and thus improving the body, rather than, cooped up in badly-smelling and unventilated rooms, in desecrating and destroying his taste for the great master.

The English teacher in the high school has thus a double responsibility—a duty due not only to the class under him but also to the nation at large. The individual pupil should at any cost be led to appreciate what is fine in literature, and by so doing he becomes a factor in the great society for national improvement. The average teacher does not appreciate this. The men on the average school board, themselves the product of the old conditions, do not appreciate this. The pupil grows up with a hearty, although concealed, dislike for the great writers. He naturally will never appreciate what he has missed except vaguely; his son will go to college. But the popular novel of the day satisfies his literary craving—and *voilà!* our American literature.

JOHN M. BERDAN.

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A PLEA FOR SIMPLER LIVING.

THE following words from a flaming advertisement recently caught my eye: "Why don't you marry the girl? We'll help you." They were from the advertisement of an instalment house—that is, a business house that sells furniture on the instalment plan, generally asking a very large price in the first place, only to take it back in many instances after those who have purchased have partly paid for it, and after months and perhaps years of agony in trying to extricate themselves from the burden of debt have in the end seen their goods taken from the house, put in the furniture van and conveyed back to the instalment house, usually to be rubbed up, repolished, and again sold to the next confiding victim whose ambition has been stimulated to venture beyond the limits of his ability to pay, and who by so doing takes upon himself involuntary servitude or slavery to the instalment people.

These operations are repeated indefinitely, and the result of the successive surrenders and heartrending sacrifices on the part of the poor is by the alchemy of business converted into dividends and vulgar luxuries, both of which are supposed to be enjoyed by idle owners. But in reality the ultimate effect of these luxuries and dividends is moral disintegration to those who possess them.

I do not believe that there is any one delusion or evil that is responsible for more misery, wretchedness, and downright despair than that which seems completely to possess the large majority of those who esteem themselves the best society, and which may be summed up in the belief that life consists in *things*. The shrewd business man, knowing this weakness, turns it to his own selfish advantage in a thousand ways similar to the one alluded to above. After much serious reflection I have almost concluded that it is just as immoral to get things that we cannot pay for, by running in debt for them, as it is to get them in any other way without paying for them.

Let us not delude ourselves into the belief that it is the fault of the dealer. It is his business to sell his goods, but he cannot compel any human being to buy them; and the misery that I would avert is due to the yielding temptation born of the imperfect understanding as to what constitutes the true end, aim, and enjoyment of life. Before we can be free we must be emancipated from these misconceptions of the fundamentals of life, and this emancipation must come from *within*.

I can conceive of no more important or worthy work for ministers, teachers, and other molders of public opinion than a high-minded and serious attempt to stimulate in the minds of all the people a noble and consistent ideal of a perfectly simple, free, yet artistic and beautiful life. We have not yet begun to understand how very little we really require—how easily our actual necessities incident to a happy life may be supplied.

In proportion as we get away from the artificiality and from the slavery that requires us to do as other people do—in proportion as we live a wholesome, normal, free life, and allow our varying tastes to express themselves untrameled by the arbitrary dictates of conventionalism—we will grow in health, happiness, independence, and true greatness.

Now, as to what we actually need. I believe a condition of life is possible—nay, is attainable here and now—where each one can have free access to everything that is needful to develop the individual to the highest possibilities of soul and body. And first I find that we need air. We have a right to pure air, and singularly enough we each need about the same amount of air in order to have a healthy body and in order to have a beautiful body—for this, too, is our right. But we do not need to hoard the air; we do not need to lay up air for a rainy day; we cannot store it; but we can freely have as much as we will use, and no matter how much we use the supply is not lessened.

Now, this law in every detail, I believe, applies to every other thing required for the development of a perfect life just as clearly as it does to air. Though we may not be able to understand its application, it only requires a little study of this fundamental principle to bring us to an understanding of the

sound philosophy set forth in the German saying: "*Zu viel und zu wenig sind ungesund.*"

It is perfectly clear to me that in the development of a pure democracy we have much to learn about the value and importance of simple living. In the social philosophy that fills the air to-day, I am constantly impressed with the thought that there is altogether too much importance attached to the stomach. Again and again it is dinned into my ears, "A man must eat." While admitting the truth of this statement I must add that it will be well for a man to remember that it is probable more human life is destroyed by overeating than by starvation. Of the truth of this proposition I do not think any careful observer can have a doubt. Probably a hundred people are made sick or plant the seeds of disease within themselves by overeating or improper eating for every one that is injured by fasting.

Only to-day at the hospital in the police station a poor man sought to appeal to my sympathy by telling me that he had fainted in the street from want of food. "How long had you fasted?" I inquired. "I had nothing but a sandwich for two days," he replied. He was rather discomfited when I replied: "That ought not to injure you, I am sure, for I myself have fasted once five days and another time four, taking absolutely nothing but water." "And did you walk?" he said. "Walked every day; besides that I was suffering from a real sickness, and the fast cured me." I really felt that it was worth while to have had such an experience to shock this unfortunate brother into a realization of the fact that "man does not live by bread alone."

The fact that we can have life and have it more abundantly, while practically ignoring or living above the anxieties that distress the common mind, seems to be coming to me day by day with a force that makes it in the nature of a revelation, and without any apology I become personal. I am writing truth, and truth never needs apology. For more than a year I have eaten but two meals a day, leaving out breakfast and taking my first meal at 11.30, and some of the very best meals that I have eaten during that time have consisted of rye or

whole-wheat bread and Schweitzer cheese, with perhaps a few dates as a dessert.

"Hunger is the best sauce" is a true adage, and, when we understand the processes of life to the extent that we learn to eat to live rather than to live to eat, we begin to have a conception of the outrage that we perpetrate by eating when we are not hungry. Much depends upon the plane we are living upon. Gluttony and drunkenness are the same sort of offenses. As long as one is a victim of appetite, it matters not particularly what form the dissipation may take, although there is more hope for the salvation of one who is the victim of almost any kind of an appetite than the insatiable one for "things"—useless things. The appetite for luxuries and the idleness and laziness that luxurious living breeds are, without doubt, the most destructive agencies that civilized man has to contend against to-day.

When the working young man and working young woman become emancipated from the desire to ape the idle rich, they will not be attracted by such appeals as that to which we have referred. They will learn the beauty of simple living; they will learn that along all the highways that lead to happiness, to health, to life, there are well-defined guide-boards, and each one bears the magic label, *Simplicity*.

All hope for democratic America must rest upon the production of a race of healthy, able-bodied fathers and mothers that can only be developed by an entire abandonment of the lazy and enervating kind of life that is destroying the idle and depraved, both rich and poor, and the adoption instead of the simple and natural modes that lead to life and life everlasting. Goldsmith saw it when, contemplating the beauty of the simple lives of the villagers, he said:

"O Luxury, thou curst by heaven's decree,
How ill-exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions with insidious joy
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!"

SAMUEL M. JONES.

Toledo, O.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

THE 26th of July, 1602, a volume was registered at "Stationers' Hall," London, bearing the title: "A booke called 'The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince (of) Denmarke,' as yt was latelie Acted by the Lord Chamberlayne his servantes." It is furthermore mentioned that the "booke" was a drama, and lately performed by the Lord Chamberlain's stock company—the company to which William Shakespeare seems to have belonged.

And thus a dramatic production was launched upon the tide-waters of fortune—a drama that was destined to make the name Denmark a household word reverberated on the lips of nations from continent to continent over the entire globe. Of all the Danes whose genius has obtained for them a name in the index of fame, there is but *one* whose memory has reached that calm, serene height of unfading, time and change defying glory—but *one* who after the lapse of centuries still occupies a cherished seat in the minds of Europe, America, Australia, Asia, Africa—wherever the light of culture has blazed out a pathway for thought and love; and this one is not even a concrete historic fact, but partially and fundamentally the creation of a human mind: the semi-phantom *Hamlet!* Denmark has produced a few men whose names and genius have not been without a deep and lasting influence on the minds of humanity—men whose minds have been luminous centers in far-reaching spheres of light, and whose memories we revere under the names of Tyke Brahe, Thorwaldsen, Hans Christian Andersen, and Georg Brandes; but none of them have reached even a hundredth part of the fame of Hamlet, who, single-handed, occupies a literature embracing the traditions and intellectual subject-matter of entire nations.

So much can the magic power of genius accomplish. Out of

"airy nothings" it "builds in time and space a habitation and a name." Like the creative archangel, who once from his vantage-ground of ungenerated void, launched out worlds and orderly universes, so the genius of man, by the fiat of its mystic, unanalyzable power, molds the chaotic and nebulous in the world of mind into law and destiny abiding characters, humanized with motives and purposes. Genius unravels the *ideal* and makes it known to the *form*. The good, the true, and the beautiful must for their deeper interpretation always look to the genius. Thus in Shakespeare we not only find historic motives dramatized into their due order of evolutionary life and activity, but are likewise made to witness the colossal impersonation of the Titanic, non-historic (or rather prehistoric) vast into movements of beauty and affection, fate and destiny.

There is no exaggeration in the statement that the drama "Hamlet" has stamped its mark of influence on the sum total of modern literature and installed eras and epochs in the dramatic world. No deep student of Goethe can avoid the conviction that "Dr. Faust" owes most of his vital philosophy to the ominous day-dreams of the Danish prince-philosopher, and that the relation between Faust and Marguerite offers points of striking resemblance to what took place between Hamlet and Ophelia two hundred years before. Similar lines of comparison may be traced between the growth of the characters outlined in "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre" and the unfoldment of moral powers exhibited in "Hamlet."

In no less degree do the productions of Lord Byron and Alfred Musset show this irresistible influence of the Shakespearean master-genius. Lord Byron himself is a Hamlet figure in bold *haute relief*, and his "Manfred," "Corsair," "Childe Harold," and "Giaour" are ghosts of the melancholic Dane masquerading in Byronic sentiments. Over the literature of the Slavs the Hamlet-type continues to hold an ennobling sway, as can be witnessed in the development of the heroes in the literary productions of Mickiewicz, Pushkin, and above all Turgeneff. Once indeed Hamlet became the rep-

representative character of a whole nation, as happened when in the middle of the last century Börnes of Freliggrath initiated the famous phrase, "Deutschland ist Hamlet;" and readers of Sienkewicz will be struck by the old familiar traits of Hamlet exhibited anew in "Plowski," which latter is made to represent the predominant characteristics of the Polish nation. Finally, it is not difficult to trace the continental *Weltschmerz* that invaded literary Europe in the early part of the last century to the heartrending emotions of Hamlet, who

"From the table of his memory
Would wipe away all trivial fond records,"

in order to consummate his great, absorbing, irrevocable resolve.

The question has arisen in the minds of thousands how a drama so profound as "Hamlet," and involving riddles of psychology that for centuries have defied the keenest and most thoughtful commentators of all nations, while giving rise to the most contradictory opinions, could have exerted such singular influence on almost every degree of human intelligence. The sequel to this phenomenon is probably not to be found in the purely literary qualities of the great drama, which are often eclipsed by the poetic brilliancy, romantic glow, and symbolic coloring of other Shakespearean productions. Nor perhaps will we find it in the purely tragical, which in depth of feeling, intensity of pathos, and realization of unavoidable, awe-inspiring destiny has in "King Lear" a far stronger exponent. And yet, of all the works of Shakespeare, "Hamlet" has become the most popular and the most loved.

There is exhibited in this play a unique power to express, in one prodigious master-stroke of genius, every virtue, every passion, every tone in the whole gamut of *man*—not only as he *was* and *is*, but likewise as the prophetic vision of genius pictures him *to be*. In the mystery, "Hamlet," the whole available mentality of man—with its sharps and flats, its heights and depths, its instinct, reason, and intuition—is called upon to wrestle with the great sphinx of sacred, mystic, awe-inspiring, incalculable human nature. Every faculty of the mind, and the

mind of every individual, is invited to enter the arena and take a part. As the ocean, which in its deeper part floats mighty ironclads with playful ease, is yet shallow and calm enough at its shores to serve as bath-tub for an infant, so the fathomless range of Hamlet's mind presents subject-matter for all levels of human thought and emotion. And it is perhaps in this universality of character, in this cosmic brotherhood of feeling, that Hamlet's popularity may find a clue to its explanation.

The commentators and augurers that for three hundred years in increasing numbers have disciplined their minds and sharpened their wits on the riddle, "Hamlet," have never ceased to wonder at this unparalleled phenomenon: how a man of the Renaissance, born in a time just awakening after long centuries of murderous nightmares, could evolve a genius not only able to flash out light to illumine the enigmatical in human nature of his own time, but possessing a self-generating power through which this light in mighty shafts was shot athwart vistas of the future, unraveling the characters and idiosyncrasies of generations yet unborn.

The process of identification proceeding between humanity and Hamlet is increasing both in magnitude and intensity; for even though "Hamlet" at its earliest appearance was intensely popular,—which is readily to be inferred from old English sea-journals in which its performance is mentioned as a great and constantly recurring sport of the sailors,—yet it is first in the last century, with its accelerated growth of culture, that the appreciation and popularity of the melancholic Dane have grown to the world-embracing significance and mind-fashioning power that, to quote Georg Brandes, "has made Hamlet the trusted friend and confessor of all sorrow-bound and thoughtful men." And this vantage-ground of human trust and sympathy is his by virtue of the unfailing accuracy with which he reflects the "impulses of deeper birth" arising from the innermost recesses of human thought and feeling, and through which is portrayed with overpowering mastery the eternal struggle between the *ideal* and the *concrete*. Readers or spectators of "Hamlet" have been made to realize with him

that the individual at his first serious encounter with life does not find what he anticipated—does not find life as he dreamed it, but a thousand times more formidable and incalculable. We suddenly become struck by the fact that there is “something rotten in Denmark.” Denmark is the world; the world is a prison—the enchanted palace of the tale; and Hamlet is the “prince-warrior,” the undaunted, unconquerable hero, with superb courage and consummate chivalry, the representative of the world’s moral and physical ideal of all ages, and equipped with power to dispel the enchantment. “The time is out of joint,” he cries. “Oh, cursed spite—that I was ever born to set it right!” And again:

“O all you host of Heaven! O Earth!
And shall I couple Hell? . . . Hold, hold, my heart,
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe, I shall remember.”

What a world of pathos and tragic majesty in this display of wild, uproarious, ominously resolute personality, with its convulsive rush of the strongest, because the most natural, of human emotions—the soul-consuming yearning for revenge! These accents are familiar to us as *feelings*, but they require the genius of a Shakespeare to interpret them in terms of *intellect*. We have heard the echo of this volcanic eruption reverberated from the depths of the smoldering subterranean fire-sphere of the human soul. We have seen with the “mind’s eye” lava torrents of unquenchable, uncontrollable emotions roll out from an outraged and maddened human nature, consuming with convulsive energy the obstacles in its course.

Hence, we sympathize with Hamlet because we understand him. His grief and emotions are human; but *he* is not only human—he is *humane*, and holds captive our sympathy and love, not only because of the personal element in his grief and revenge, but because of his transcending and self-denying reverence and affection for his murdered father, which qualities furnish the mainspring and motive of his rôle. May it not,

then, in truth be said that "Hamlet" as an *ideal* stands back of the whole human situation, manifesting its life in the deepest of man's emotions? Hamlet is not only in himself a genius, conceived and sketched by the unfathomable intuition and intellectual superiority of a genius, but withal is a *man*, and as such equipped with a wealth of rare personal excellences: irresistible charm in demeanor, fascinating in wit, sincere and unreserved in sympathy, warm and deep in emotion—a nobleman *sans peur et sans reproche*.

While the Danish prince thus occupies the central position in our admiration and affection, he does not exhaust the general resources of the tragic drama. He is surrounded with a most luminous sphere of scenic excellences and dramatic powers. Indeed, if he be a gem he has received the noblest setting. Every function in the grand scenic organism is engaged in thrilling, unflagging action. The spectator is hurried along from situation to situation of matchless scenic effect; passes through dialogues and monologues of blazing, soul-stirring oratory, exploring the loftiest regions of thought and feeling, and sparkling with all the effusions of a mind charged to the point of bursting with love, wisdom, and power; while the train of events rush in and unload in breathless rapidity of action.

Perhaps nothing better could be said of the great dramatic masterpiece than to apply to it the words placed by its author on the lips of Laertes, in speaking of Ophelia:

"Woe and affliction, passion, Hell itself
She turns to favor, thought, and loveliness."

AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

Los Angeles, Cal.

DEMOCRACY OR AUTOCRACY—WHICH?

THERE is a convincing roll and volume to the words, "Triumphant Democracy." They sound well. But the author of this phrase overlooked several somewhat important considerations. Democracy is not yet triumphant even in America. After it has gained control of the country in which it is supposed to have reached its highest development, predictions about its ruling the world will be more to the point. Such an idea at present is but a dream of hope. Democracy has its hardest battle yet to fight—right here in America.

America, as a nation, is leading a dual life. It is preaching democracy and practising autocracy, like a temperance lecturer who takes a drink of whisky to give inspiration to his words. For 126 years but one political philosophy has been taught in the United States—the philosophy of freedom, equal rights, "the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It has covered newspaper pages and resounded from public rostrums and in legislative halls. The doctrine has been laid down in courts; schools have taught it; books are full of it; the nation is saturated with it. Judging by our political standards, every American must be free and equal in his political rights to every other American. He must be exercising liberty and pursuing happiness unhindered. Everybody, theoretically, has an equal voice in the government. Each citizen is an uncrowned sovereign.

This is one side of American life. There is another. Interests involving the lives and happiness of thousands are in the hands of one man responsible to nobody. He has as absolute control within his sphere as any autocrat now on earth, or as any autocrat who ever existed. His employees are his subjects, owing him closer and stronger allegiance than they owe to any government. Their time and their energies are his to do with them as he pleases. He cannot decree that one of these

subjects be beheaded. That is not necessary: our modern methods are not so crude. The autocrat of to-day can control his subjects without any such revolting brutality. It is usually sufficient to deprive the subject of his means of livelihood, and thus make him his own executioner. This the autocrat of to-day has ample power to accomplish. The insurgent subject can be cast out, an exile in the industrial world. He who controls your means of livelihood controls your life.

"I will not do this thing," says the "free and independent" citizen-employee, asserting his proud prerogative. "It is against my own best interests and the interests of my country."

"Very well," replies the industrial autocrat; "I have no further use for your services. You may go."

"Whither shall I go?" inquires the "free and independent" citizen, finding his freedom rather embarrassing at the very first step. "I know no business but this. My life has been spent in learning it. No other means of livelihood is open to me. You control this branch of industry absolutely."

"Your troubles are nothing to me. This business is my business. Do as I say or go."

The "free and independent" citizen does as the industrial autocrat says. He does it absolutely and unquestioningly thereafter. A "kicker" is not appreciated in the industrial world when the autocrat to whom he is subject is the target for his protests. When the "free" man may be sent into the world without an occupation at the whim of an autocrat to whom he owes allegiance, it behooves the "free" man to please the autocrat. In other words, the "free and independent" American citizen-employee must of necessity be the willing and submissive slave of an industrial autocrat.

Usually the demand to do this or that thing concerns the business of the autocrat only; usually, too, it is a reasonable demand—at least from the standpoint of the autocrat. Everybody concedes that the autocrat has the right to conduct his own business in his own way. The law upholds him. Public opinion is not adverse. It is not sufficiently enlightened—or, if one cares to take the opposite view, it has learned better. The im-

portant fact is that the industrial autocrat is able to exact unquestioned obedience from the "free and independent" citizen-employee. It may be more or less important to consider that the obedience may take the form of using the employee's literary skill to write for publication in a great newspaper an article that he knows to be false, misleading, and vicious. To be sure, the autocrat does not think it so. Perhaps he does not know enough to think straight upon such questions, or his interests may lie in a different direction. At all events, the hired literary skill expresses the views of the autocrat, not of the writer. The employee may be called upon to take an unconscionable advantage of a business rival; to falsify corporation records or destroy them in order to carry out or cover up a conspiracy to defraud; to twist the law so as to cover up or permit some villainy. When the "free and independent" citizen becomes an employee his conscience is one of the instruments he turns over to the industrial autocrat.

Of course, the citizen-employee has the right to vote and hold office. He may listen to political speakers paint his proud position among the peoples of the earth. Indeed, he may find happiness in practising the forms and contemplating the philosophy of freedom. But he cannot blind himself to the fact that in America industrial absolutism is set over against political democracy. Can they live on in harmony? Abraham Lincoln said no nation could continue to exist half slave and half free. Can any man continue to be half a slave and half a freeman?

It is only within the last quarter of a century that this issue has begun to shape itself sharply in the United States. Twenty-five years ago industry was so chaotic—or anarchistic, if you please—that no one man in that field had a power that was especially dangerous. If an employee did not care to be a vassal of this or that man he might readily choose another. In a pinch he might employ himself, and be the vassal of no man at all. All this has changed. I do not mean to say that no man can now employ himself in such a way as to become measurably independent in the world of industry, but I state only an obvious fact when I point out that such employment is becoming

more and more difficult and unsatisfactory. The independent mechanic has practically disappeared except in primitive communities. It is becoming more and more difficult for the independent shopkeeper or small dealer of any sort. The independent farmer is the fat prey of about every sort of industrial cormorant on earth. In a great many callings independent (or self) employment is impossible, from the very nature of things. We are fast becoming a nation of employees.

The industrial autocrat necessarily has absolute control over a large proportion of the citizenship of the country. It is becoming most difficult and unprofitable to shift from calling to calling. We are rapidly reaching a point where industrial autocrats will have absolute control over a majority of the citizens of the country. American citizens are becoming industrial independents, subjects, vassals, serfs, or slaves—just as one views it. In other words, a large section of the country's citizenship has a double allegiance, which is becoming more and more sharply defined. On one side the allegiance is to a political organism built on the lines or on the principles of freedom—an organism that he respects, more or less, and loves with a greater or less degree of warmth. On the other hand, he owes allegiance to an industrial autocrat who has power over his livelihood—over the happiness, if not the very existence, of himself and his family. He appeals to the government, if he have intelligence enough to feel his position, and finds the government impotent before the might of the industrial autocrat. It cannot save its citizens from the exactions of powerful business combinations. But he finds the autocrat able not only to defy the government but to reward and protect those who serve him well. Peace, honor, and plenty are in store for those who do the bidding of the king.

In the citizen's dual allegiance, his narrow self-interest and his closest and strongest ties are to the industrial autocrat. In the silent but everlasting contest between democratic government and industrial autocracy, the citizen with dual allegiance is necessarily on the side of the industrial autocrat; hence, the industrial autocrat constantly gains in power. His dependents

become more numerous as well as more closely bound to his fortunes. In the social evolution of to-day, the industrial autocrat's star is in the ascendant. If his power continues to grow in the future as it has grown in the past, he will rule absolutely the enfeebled government and we will have political as well as industrial autocracy; for the industrial autocrat will control the democratic Republic. That government which is controlled by an autocrat is an *autocracy*, no matter what its nominal form may be.

I do not mean to imply that America has come to this already, but the seeds have been sown. The plant is even growing with that trend. It is as certain as that night follows day that the citizen cannot continue indefinitely in his dual allegiance. There are too many points of contact, and at every point it is a clashing contact. No man can be a good subject of an industrial autocrat and at the same time a good citizen of a democratic Republic. The interests he must serve are antagonistic—fatally, irreconcilably so. Our political and industrial philosophies must be harmonized. If America would retain political democracy it must also have industrial freedom.

History affords parallels to present conditions, and they speak in thunder tones of the crisis that faces the American Republic. In the Middle Ages a citizen of any country in Christendom owed dual allegiance of the most active sort. He was a subject of the Pope as well as of the king. And I make this comparison with no idea of invidious criticism or shallow reflection upon the great Roman Catholic Church, to which civilization and morality owe so much. The instance is cited because it is instructive. It may point a moral for the present generations of men. There was a time when emperors went on their knees to Rome and humbly received the iron crown and the scepter of power, and not from a hand that had armies at its beck—at least not overpowering armies. The power of the Pope was due to his supposed control of eternal salvation at a time when religious thought was dominant, and eternal salvation from future torment was the greatest boon on earth. It was fear of the terrible anathema of the Church

more than the sword of temporal power that brought Henry a suppliant to Canossa.

A more sordid drama is being enacted to-day. In our times *money* is everything. Fortune and the control of wealth are the overpowering human motives, especially in the United States. We have industrial popes capable of meting out industrial damnation or industrial salvation. A few months ago the proud citizens of America were treated to the spectacle of one of their powerful Cabinet ministers, representing the honorable Executive of this great Republic, going a suppliant to the industrial Canossa to beg from the industrial pope the graceful shaping of conditions so that the power and authority of the great Executive might not be brought into disrepute. The government to-day leans upon industrial autocrats, just as governments of old leaned on spiritual autocrats; and in both cases the autocrats have used their power to control and direct the feeble governments.

It took centuries of blood and torture to beat back into its proper sphere the spiritual autocracy that in the Middle Ages ruled the world. It took centuries to make it relax its grasp of the political or temporal order. The power of the spiritual autocracy over government was broken only after men's minds turned from the path of religion to other ideals. If spiritual absolutism had never been abused, if the religious idea had continued to dominate the human mind, and if eternal salvation had continued to take up so large a part of man's horizon, there is no telling how strong the hold of spiritual autocracy might have become. And it must be remembered that the principle that animated the religious world of the Middle Ages was essentially broad, righteous, and humanitarian. This was especially true of the policy of Gregory, the Cluny monk. It aimed at the salvation of all mankind, while the essential principle of the commercialism of to-day, and hence the resulting industrial autocracy, is the narrowest and most selfish the world has ever known. It is true *tiger* philosophy—the doctrine of “everybody for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.”

When is the overmastering motive of cupidity that dominates

the industrial autocracy of to-day to lose its power over men? Until it does there seems little hope that the growing power of the industrial autocracy in political affairs will be weakened or even checked in its triumphal march.

We might trace the growth of the spiritual autocracy to its absolutism in the medieval world of politics, but it is not necessary. It may be objected that the ecclesiastical order of the Middle Ages is not a proper subject for comparison with the industrial world of to-day, even if both did reach out to control the political order that was coexistent. To such objectors we can offer a more material and perhaps a more convincing parallel in illustrating the growth of autocracy. The student of history will recall the condition of the Frankish and Teutonic tribes with their comparatively free and democratic if primitive government. Then will be recalled the formative period, when civilization grew apace and the communities arranged themselves about all noblemen who later developed into petty monarchs. Here was the beginning of feudalism, with its little autocrats and their multitude of retainers. To these we may compare the "captains of industry" who first appeared a few decades ago. Then came Louis XI., Louis XIII., Richelieu, and Louis XIV., who gradually defeated or dominated the petty monarchs, welding their power into an all-embracing autocracy built on the foundation of a transformed feudalism. "*L'etat; c'est moi!*" said Louis XIV., the greatest political autocrat of his time.

A like process of centralization is going on to-day in our industrial world. We now *live* in a decade what they lived in a century two hundred years ago. Our industrial feudalism is rapidly giving way to industrial centralization. Already we have one man in the world of industry with greater power than Louis XIV. ever had in the world of politics. A nation more powerful than the whole of Europe in the day of Louis takes this man's word as financial gospel. The whole industrial world trembles before him.

Where is this going to end? Is a man with the control of industry within his grasp, with an organization so centralized

as to be responsive to his every impulse, going to be foiled by a many-headed political organization pursuing a more or less abstract ideal in a haphazard and desultory way? It makes little difference whether this new order of industry is a pure autocracy or an oligarchy with a sort of presiding autocrat. It has the power and solidarity of interest to overmaster the loose and unmanageable political organization. In the present indifferent temper of the people there is no doubt that the industrial autocracy will continue to dominate the nation. As time passes it must gain complete control.

What has political economy to say to this? "It is not our affair. We merely present conditions as they are. It is not our business to quarrel with these conditions, whether they lead to industrial autocracy or industrial democracy."

Political economy, with its cold brutality, furnishes an excuse for every act of aggression that has made the few absolute masters of the many in the industrial world. Ethics finds no place in economics. The industrial order that he fondly imagines leads to the greatest aggregate of national wealth is the ideal order for the economist. It does not matter how few of the nation's population control that wealth. The laws of exchange, of rent and interest, and all the rest are inevitable. That they have led to autocracy in industry proves to political economy that autocracy in industry is the thing to be desired.

I have no remedy to suggest. Indeed, I would be a sage if I could devise one to fit the case. What I want to lay emphatically before the reader is the fact that American citizens are fast acquiring a dual allegiance, the demands of which are absolutely clashing and incompatible. At the same time an industrial order is growing up in this country essentially antagonistic to the political order that we have been building for more than a century and a quarter. Our economics sanctions this industrial order—alien to our political philosophy, alien to our institutions, and menacing to our future security. It leaves us hopelessly powerless in the face of a threatened perversion of our most cherished ideals.

Industrial autocracy cannot live on terms of peace with political liberty. It is impossible to have both at once. We must have industrial and political liberty or industrial and political autocracy. Which we shall have depends upon the intelligence, patriotism, and essential ideals of American citizens.

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THE MESSAGE OF MAZZINI.

I.

HISTORY is full of melancholy illustrations of the failure of great minds who, like the philosopher Seneca, have apprehended the moral verities that are stepping-stones by which man ascends the spiritual Alps, yet who in hours of temptation have weakened and signally failed to be true to the message they had given to the world. They have at best been but sign-boards pointing to the heights.

Now, we are far from indorsing the views of those who contend that the failure of a prophet or a teacher to live up to his teachings vitiates the spoken word or retards more than the message furthers the cause of progress; for there is a divine potency in the truth, which when once uttered becomes the water of life to thirsting souls on the spiritual Sahara. The circumstance that a vessel be mean, disfigured, worn, or unsightly is of little importance to the famishing soldier or traveler if it contains the cool, pure water for which the body is perishing. The fact that the water-lily is rooted and grounded in the ooze and slime of the pond does not prevent our enjoying its fragrance and beauty. And so it is with truth. Every vital message helps the world onward. Furthermore, the true philosopher appreciates the fact that no man can know how much heredity, prenatal and postnatal conditions, as well as later education and environment have influenced another's life. He may regret the weakness of the messenger, because he knows that reactionary influences ever seek to divert the attention of the people from the truth delivered by magnifying the weaknesses of its representative; and yet he thanks the Infinite for the new word, knowing that it holds the germ of life, and, like the grain cast on the waters, will yield fruition after many days.

When, however, an apostle of truth and progress appears whose life is pure and noble, consistent and consecrated to a great cause, his message becomes doubly potential for good; for humanity loves strength and consistency, and the truth that speaks in every act, thought, and deed is compelling in its influence. Moreover, when the prophet, as was the case with Giuseppe Mazzini, sacrifices the ease, comfort, and safety of a beautiful home; when he turns from the pursuit of literature, which not only held the strongest fascination for him, but which promised fame, honor, and glory, and voluntarily, for the cause of human progress and the happiness of those whose lives know little joy, accepts a work that is fraught with deadly peril at every step—a life that he knows courts imprisonment and a death that the world will call ignoble; and, further, when later he accepts exile from home and native land, poverty, and almost starvation for the cause; when from youth to death he tirelessly pursues the rugged path of duty rather than prove unfaithful in the slightest degree to the cause to which he has dedicated his life—his message takes on a new interest and challenges that serious attention which sooner or later the world ever accords to those great spiritual solitaries who have beheld the glorious vision of the Ideal that floats before civilization and lights the path of progress, and who, having beheld it, have renounced all that material life holds most dear in order that they may receive and deliver a new word of truth that shall help the ages yet unborn.

II.

Like all great prophets and apostles of civilization in her truest manifestation, Mazzini was a man of profound faith and conviction. He was deeply philosophical, a clear reasoner, and indefatigable in the pursuit of what he conceived to be the august demands of the Infinite; while through the warp and woof of his life and thought ran that enthusiasm for humanity, that love for his fellow-men, that moral or spiritual exaltation which obliterates all thought of self in the presence of duty or service.

He was distinctly a child of the Revolution, but he beheld a vital truth that had escaped the great leaders who preceded him; namely, that liberty, instead of being an end, was the necessary means to the end in a struggle that comprehended the emancipation of the masses from the exploitation of the classes, and the inauguration of economic conditions based on the fundamental demands of justice, righteousness, and fraternity. This was his first point of radical departure from the master minds who had guided the Revolution. Moreover, Mazzini believed that revolutions based primarily on self-interest were destined to failure, or at least to prove of very partial or doubtful value to the race. He believed that, before a revolution could achieve lasting good, the people must be made to understand certain fundamental principles and needs which the stage of growth and the exigencies of the hour demanded, and that it was furthermore essential, if a revolution were to prove a splendid victory for humanity, that it be dominated by high moral or spiritual ideals. The very key-note of his message may be said to lie in these words:

"Workingmen! Brothers! When Christ came, and changed the face of the world, He spoke not of rights to the rich, who needed not to achieve them; nor to the poor, who would doubtless have abused them in imitation of the rich; He spoke not of utility nor of interest to a people whom interest and utility had corrupted; He spoke of Duty, He spoke of Love, of Sacrifice, and of Faith; and He said that *they should be first among all who had contributed most by their labor to the good of all.*

"And the words of Christ, breathed in the ear of a society in which all true life was extinct, recalled it to existence, conquered the millions, conquered the world, and caused the education of the human race to ascend one degree on the scale of progress.

"We live in an epoch similar to that of Christ. We live in the midst of a society as corrupt as that of the Roman Empire, feeling in our inmost soul the need of reanimating and transforming it, and of uniting all its various members in one sole faith, beneath one sole law, in one sole aim—the free and progressive development of all the faculties of which God has

given the germ to his creatures. We seek the Kingdom of God *on earth as it is in Heaven*, or, rather, that earth may become a preparation for Heaven, and society an endeavor after the progressive realization of the Divine Idea."

Duty, Love, Sacrifice, and Faith—these were his watch-words. "Life," he tells us, "is a mission, and every other definition of life is false and leads all who accept it astray."

In proportion as revolutions became dominated by considerations of utility and interest, they descended to the plane of selfishness; they became materialistic in character, and they degenerated into a battle between those who have and those who have not, regardless of the great principles of Justice, Equity, and Love that alone hold the redemptive potentialities of civilization. Therefore, two things were urgently demanded—Education and Association. But education as interpreted by Mazzini meant far more than mere intellectual training. It was not enough that the reason be informed upon those great laws of life underlying human progress. The conscience or moral faculties also must be so roused and enthused that the compelling influence of right should subliminate Nature, driving out all thought of self that interfered with the larger interest of humanity, until the soul, overmastered by the ideal of Duty, as St. Paul was overcome by the light on the way to Damascus, should be ready to consecrate all to the cause of human emancipation, enlightenment, and progress. The association in various nations of even a few such enlightened ones would soon, according to Mazzini's conviction, leaven society and inaugurate a revolution in which there should be no false notes sounded, and from which should flow a fuller, richer, and truer life than earth had ever known.

While realizing that the French Revolution had mistaken liberty for the end instead of the necessary means to the desired end, and had in many ways fallen short of the promise, the hope, and the dream of the philosophers who sowed the seed from which it sprang, he also recognized that this failure lay partly in the intellect dominating over the moral and spiritual enthusiasm of its founders, leading to a very partial ap-

prehension of the truth, due partly if not chiefly to the ignorance of the masses—a fatal ignorance in which the mind was uninformed and the soul unstirred, so that the selfish and materialistic ideal of utility and self-interest that had prevailed in the old despotic order soon became in a large way the soul of the new revolution. Still, he was by no means blind to the immensely important work achieved for humanity by the French Revolution; for in his masterly criticism of Thomas Carlyle's monumental historical work he tells us that—

“The Revolution—that is to say, the tumult and fury of the Revolution—perished; the form perished, as all forms perish when their task is accomplished, but the *idea* of the Revolution survived. That idea, freed from every temporary envelope or disguise, now reigns forever, a fixed star in the intellectual firmament; it is numbered among the conquests of Humanity.

“Every great idea is immortal: the French Revolution rekindled the sense of *Right*, of liberty, and of equality in the human soul, never henceforth to be extinguished; it awakened France to the consciousness of the inviolability of her national life; and awakened in every people a perception of the powers of collective will, a conviction of ultimate victory, of which none can deprive them. It summed up and concluded (in the political sphere) one epoch of Humanity, and led us to the confines of the next. These are results that will not pass away; they defy every protocol, constitutional theory, or veto of despotic power.”

A short time before his death, Mazzini wrote thus on what he conceived to be a fatal flaw in the French Revolution:

“The error of the French Revolution was not the abolition of monarchy. It was the attempt to build up a republic upon the theory of Rights . . . upon the Sovereignty of the *Ego*, which leads us, sooner or later, to the Sovereignty of the strongest *Ego*; upon the essentially monarchical methods of extreme centralization, intolerance, and violence—upon that false definition of life . . . given by men educated by monarchy and inspired by a materialism which, having canceled God, has left itself nothing to worship but Force. When the most powerful *Ego* of the period—Napoleon—arose, supported by Force, and said, ‘*Bow down,*’ the revolution bent before him.”

In his "Duties of Man," our philosopher further shows why and where the closing decades of the eighteenth century and the opening years of the nineteenth failed :

"In these last fifty years the sources of social wealth and the mass of material means of happiness have been continually on the increase. Commerce, surmounting those frequent crises which are inevitable in the absolute absence of all organization, has achieved an increase of power and activity and a wider sphere of operation. Communication has almost everywhere been rendered rapid and secure, and hence the price of produce has decreased in proportion to the diminished cost of transport. On the other hand, the idea that there are rights inherent to human nature is now generally admitted and accepted—hypocritically and in words at least—even by those who seek to withhold those rights. Why, then, has not the condition of the people improved? Why has the consumption of produce, instead of being equally distributed among all the Members of European Society, become concentrated in the hands of a few? Why has the impulse given to industry and commerce resulted, not in the well-being of the many, but in the luxury of a few?

"The answer is clear to those who look closely into things. Men are the creatures of education, and their actions are but the consequence of the principle of education given to them. The promoters of revolutions and political transformations have hitherto founded them all on one idea, the idea of the *rights* pertaining to the individual. Those revolutions achieved *Liberty*—individual liberty, liberty of education, liberty of belief, liberty of commerce, liberty in all things and for all men.

"But of what use were rights when acquired by men who had not the means of exercising them? Of what use was mere liberty of education to men who had neither time nor means to profit by it? Of what use was mere liberty of commerce to those who possessed neither merchandise, capital, nor credit?

"In all the countries wherein these principles were proclaimed, Society was composed of the small number of individuals who were possessors of the land, of capital, and of credit, and of the vast multitude who possessed nothing but the labor of their hands, and were compelled to sell that labor to the first class on any terms, in order to live. For such men, compelled to spend the whole day in material and monotonous exertion, and condemned to a continual struggle against hunger and want, what was liberty but an illusion, a bitter irony?"

Under this false theory of rights, which made liberty the end and not the means to an end that would secure the high demands of fraternity, Mazzini shows that—

"Each man occupied himself with his own rights and the amelioration of his own position, without seeking to provide for others; and when those rights clashed with the rights of others the result was a state of war—a war, not of blood, but of gold and craft; less manly than the other, but equally fatal; a relentless war in which those who possessed means inexorably crushed the weak and inexpert.

"In this state of continual warfare, men were educated in selfishness and the exclusive greed of material well-being. . . . Mankind, without any common bond, without unity of religious belief or aim, bent upon enjoyment and naught beyond, sought each and all to tread in their own path, little heeding if, in pursuing it, they trampled upon the bodies of their brothers—brothers in name, but enemies in fact. This is the state of things we have reached at the present day, thanks to the theory of rights."

Few of earth's great prophets have been so deeply philosophical as Mazzini. True, his conclusions were not always correct, but as a rule his positions were well taken. He was logical, his vision was broad, and his penetration keen. Moreover, he was a master in analysis and equally strong in synthetic work. On one occasion he thus portrayed the two great warring forces in modern civilization—the conflict between the egoists and the altruists:

"Our researches after a true conception of the laws governing the collective life of Humanity have given rise to two philosophic schools, around which are rallied the infinite secondary varieties represented by individual intellect. These two schools are at open warfare at the present day, and the victory of the one or the other will determine the direction to be taken by human activity in the dawning epoch.

"The first school, which has been characterized in our own times as the *Circular Movement School*, is, in fact, most aptly represented by the ancient symbol of the serpent biting his own tail. For all those holding the doctrines of this school, collective life, organized progress, and the unity of human aim are things having no existence. They only recognize a

genus humanum, a multitude of individuals, urged by wants and desires more or less uniform to gather together in groups, for the better satisfaction of those wants and desires. Whenever local circumstances and community of language and custom induce in these nuclei a cohesion more complete, a Nation is formed. Each of those nations is under the influence of the law of circular movement, causing it to pass through various stages: from monarchy to aristocracy; from aristocracy to democracy; from democracy to anarchy; from anarchy to despotism, and so on, forever retracing the same circle. . . .

"Such more or less openly avowed is the formula of this school. Its true source, in spite of every attempt to ascribe to it a different origin, is *Fatalism*. Amid all the vicissitudes of a world agitated by a thousand different aims, impulses, and affections, and unsustained by the consciousness of a providential law to regulate individual action, Man, according to the adepts of this school, is abandoned almost without defense to the instincts of appetite, of interest, of everything fatal on earth; the destined victim of circumstances fortuitous and unforeseen, although invariably uniform in result.

"Of what avail, then, his endeavors? Can he recognize any lasting effect from his labor? No; the eternal flux and reflux inexorably swallows up every idea, belief, courage, or sacrifice. The Infinite assumes the form of annihilation as far as man is concerned; and naught is left for him but the adoration of a fleeting happiness; the enjoyment of the present in every possible form if he be an egotist, or, if he be not such, the bitter inertia of impotence, the materialism of despair. . . .

"The followers of this school regard every act of enthusiasm with a sort of gloomy pity, and view with the smile of skepticism every act of devotion to an idea. They are suspicious of all general propositions, and delight in details and trifling incidents, as if seeking diversion or amusement. . . . The school boasts many distinguished writers; from Machiavelli down to the end of the eighteenth century, all modern historians may be numbered in its ranks. Ancient historians belonged to this school, but forgetfulness of Collective Humanity was not in them the result of an intellectual choice; it was a necessary result of ignorance.

"The other school of recent date, though anticipated by the grand prevision of certain thinkers in the seventeenth, sixteenth, and even twelfth centuries, is now known as the *School of Progressive Movement*, though destined probably to bear

a different title at a future day. It dates its origin from a new conception of Humanity, and a belief in a providential law of progress and perfectibility, not *infinite*, but *indefinite*, ruling over our human destiny. It deduces that belief from the tendency to association innate in man; from the unity of origin of the human race; from its ceaseless continuity and preservation; from the successive amplification and amelioration of social creeds; from the identity of the human goal, and the necessity of concentrating the whole sum of human forces to its achievement; from the unity of God and of His nature, so far as it has been vouchsafed to us to discover it; from the necessity of a certain relation and resemblance between the Creator and the created; from the instinct and necessity which, as if it were a law of existence, urge every living being to the fuller development of all the germs, the faculties, the forces, the *life* within it; from tradition, which proves to us that the truths achieved by one generation become the indestructible possession of those that succeed it; from that aspiration, common to all of us, which has laid the foundation of all forms of religion, and made known to individuals the *duty* of self-sacrifice for aims impossible of realization within the limits of earthly existence.

"All these synthetic ideas have been confirmed by the study of the past, by the tradition of Humanity. The followers of this school study all things with a view to discover their mission, function, and scope in relation to the collective human being."

It will be observed that in the last analysis the egoistic schools of thought are materialistic and anarchistic in spirit and tendency, while the altruistic schools are vitalized by the great spiritual verities; and, whether their leaders are conscious of the fact or not, they are nevertheless ranging themselves on the side of the Infinite as well as fighting under the flag of progress.

Though few great men have been so free of the limitations of creed, rite, and dogma as Mazzini, his was a deeply religious nature. In his "Duties of Man" he tells us that—

"God exists, because we exist. God lives in our conscience, in the conscience of Humanity. Our conscience invokes Him in our most solemn moments of grief or joy. Humanity has

been able to transform, to disfigure, never to suppress, His holy name. The Universe bears witness to Him in the order, the harmony, and intelligence of its movements and its laws. . . .

"Tell us not that the earth is of clay. The earth is of God. God created it as the medium through which we may ascend to Him. The earth is not a mere sojourn of temptation or of expiation; it is the appointed dwelling-place wherein we are bound to work out our own improvement and development and advance toward a higher stage of existence. God created us not to contemplate, but to act. He created us in His own image, and He is *Thought* and *Action*, or, rather, in Him there is no Thought which is not simultaneous Action.

"You tell us to despise all worldly things, to trample under foot our terrestrial life, in order to concern ourselves solely with the Celestial; but what is our terrestrial life save a prelude to the Celestial—a step toward it? See you not that, while sanctifying the last step of the ladder by which we must all ascend, by thus declaring the first accursed you arrest us on the way?

"The life of a soul is sacred in every stage of its existence—as sacred in the earthly stage as in those which are to follow. Each stage must be made a preparation for the next; every temporary advance must aid the gradual ascending progress of that immortal life breathed into us all by God Himself, as well as the progress of the great Entity—Humanity—which is developed through the labor of each and every individual."

And again, in "Faith and the Future," he says:

"We believe in one God; the author of all existence; the absolute living Thought, of whom our world is a ray, the universe an incarnation."

Mazzini accepted the teachings of Jesus and the apostles concerning the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man in a way very different from the perfunctory, meaningless acceptance of the Church. Hence, the great law of the solidarity of life and the mutual obligations and dependence of the units that make up the State, which our best thinkers are beginning to recognize, was clear to him. In his magnificent essay on "Duties Toward Humanity" he says:

"Foremost and grandest amid the teachings of Christ were

these two inseparable truths—*There is but one God; All men are the Sons of God*; and the promulgation of these two truths changed the face of the world, and enlarged the moral circle to the confines of the inhabited globe. To the duties of men toward the Family and Country were added duties toward Humanity. Man then learned that wheresoever there existed a human being there existed a brother; a brother with a soul as immortal as his own, destined like himself to ascend toward the Creator, and on whom he was bound to bestow love, a knowledge of the faith, and help and counsel when needed. . . .

"And at the present day, after eighteen hundred years of labor, study, and experience, we have yet to develop these germs, we have yet to apply these truths, not only to *each* individual, but to all that complex sum of human forces and faculties, present and future, which is named Humanity. We have yet to teach mankind not only that Humanity is one Sole Being, and must be governed by one sole law, but that the first article of the law is *Progress*;—progress here, on this earth, where we are bound to realize, as far as in us lies, the design of God, and educate ourselves for higher destinies."

The socialist leaders of Mazzini's time laid so much stress on the material side of life, and so little on the spiritual aspects of the struggle, that Mazzini, though one of the strongest champions of Association and Coöperation of the nineteenth century, distrusted their philosophy; while they in turn regarded him as essentially a political reformer and a religious visionary rather than as a social philosopher. Yet in this conclusion they were clearly at fault. What Mazzini always insisted was that material betterment must be sought for as a means and not as the end. His great maxim, "From each man according to his ability; to each man according to his need," expresses the aspiration of the present-day social philosophy. In "The Duties of Man," while discussing the material condition of the toilers, he says:

"I do not say that you ought never to occupy yourselves with these; but I do say that the exclusive endeavor after material interests, sought for, not as a *means*, but as an *end*, always leads to disastrous and deplorable results.

"When the ancient Romans, under the emperors, contented

themselves with *bread and amusements*, they had become as abject a race as can be conceived; and, after submitting to the stupid and ferocious rule of their emperors, they vilely succumbed to and were enslaved by their barbarian invaders. In France and elsewhere it has ever been the plan of the opponents of social progress to spread corruption by endeavoring to lead men's minds away from thoughts of change and improvement through furthering the development of mere material activity. And shall we help our adversaries with our own hands?

"Material ameliorations are essential, and we will strive to obtain them; not, however, because the one thing necessary to man is that he should be well housed and nourished, but because you can neither acquire a true consciousness of your own dignity, nor achieve your own moral development, so long as you are engaged, as at the present day, in a continual struggle with poverty and want.

"You labor for ten or twelve hours a day: how can you find *time* to educate yourselves? The greater number of you scarcely earn enough to maintain yourselves and your families: how can you find *means* to educate yourselves? The frequent interruption and uncertain duration of your work cause you to alternate excessive labor with periods of idleness: how are you to acquire habits of order, regularity, and assiduity? The scantiness of your earnings prevents all hope of saving a sum sufficient to be one day useful to your children, or to provide for the support of your own old age: how can you acquire habits of economy? . . .

"Your poverty frequently involves the impossibility of your obtaining justice like the other classes: how are you to learn to love and respect justice? Society treats you without a shadow of sympathy: how are you to learn sympathy with Society?

"It is therefore needful that your material condition should be improved, in order that you may morally progress. It is necessary that you should labor less, so that you may consecrate some hours every day to your soul's improvement. It is needful that you should receive such remuneration for your labor as may enable you to accumulate a sufficient saving to tranquilize your minds as to your future. And, above all, it is necessary to purify your souls from all reaction, from all sentiment of vengeance, from every thought of injustice, even toward those who have been unjust toward you. You are bound, therefore, to strive for all these ameliorations in your

condition, and you will obtain them; but you must seek them as a means, not as an end; seek them from a sense of duty, and not merely as a right; seek them in order that you may become more virtuous, not in order that you may be materially happy."

And again he observes:

"And as it is impossible to dream of the moral and intellectual progress of the people without providing for its physical amelioration—as it is absurd to say '*Instruct yourself*' to a man who is working for his daily bread from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, or to tell him to *love* who sees nothing around him but the cold calculations of the speculator and the tyranny of the capitalist legislator—the social question was found inevitably grafted upon the question of political progress. Henceforward they could only be separated by destroying both."

In the general lack of faith in the heart of the people Mazzini beheld a grave peril to the uninterrupted progress of civilization, and his words on this point are peculiarly applicable to us at the present time:

"The peoples lack faith: not that individual faith which creates martyrs, but that *social* faith which is the parent of victory; the faith that arouses the multitudes; faith in their own destiny, in their own mission, and in the mission of the epoch; the faith that combats and prays; the faith that enlightens, and bids men fearlessly advance in the ways of God and Humanity; with the sword of the people in their hand, the religion of the people in their hearts, and the future of the people in their soul."

When other men were dwelling on rights and appealing to the material interests of the masses, Mazzini spoke to the conscience, taking Duty as a watchword. He says:

"Duty is progressive, as the evolution of truth; it is modified and enlarged with the ages; it changes its manifestations according to the requirements of times and circumstances. There are times in which we must be able to die like Socrates; there are others, in which we must be able to struggle like Washington: one period claims the pen of the sage, another requires the sword of the hero. But here, and everywhere, the source of this duty is God and His law—its object, Humanity—its guaranty, the mutual responsibility of men—its measure, the

intellect of the individual and the demands of the period—its limit, power. . . .

"The question at the present day is the perfecting of the principle of association, a transformation of the medium in which mankind moves: duty therefore lies in *collective* labor—every one should measure his powers, and see what part of this labor falls to him. The greater the intellect and influence a man enjoys, the greater his responsibility; but assuredly contemplation cannot satisfy duty in any degree."

There are few passages in modern literature more vivid in portrayal, more solemn or far-reaching in suggestive truths, than these lines in which the Italian philosopher pictures the Roman world at the dawn of the Christian era, and indicates the similarity of its distinguishing characteristics to those presented in the present great transition era:

"The sky was dark, the heavens void; the peoples strangely agitated, or motionless in stupor. Whole nations disappeared. Others lifted their heads as if to view their fall. Throughout the world was a dull sound of dissolution. All trembled—the heavens and the earth. Man was hideous to behold. Placed between two infinities, he had no consciousness of either; neither of his future, nor of his past. All belief was extinct. Man had no faith in his gods, no belief in the republic. Society was no more: there existed a power stifling itself in blood, or consuming itself in debauchery; a senate, miserably aping the majesty of the past, that voted millions and statues to the tyrant; prætorians, who despised the one and slew the other; informers, sophists, and the slavish crowd who clapped their hands. Great principles were no more. Material interests existed still. The fatherland was no more; the solemn voice of Brutus had proclaimed the death of virtue from its tomb. Good men departed that they might not be defiled by contact with the world. Nerva allowed himself to die of hunger. Thrascus poured out his blood in libation to Jupiter the Liberator. The soul of man had fled; the senses reigned alone. The multitude demanded bread and the sports of the circus. Philosophy had sunk first into skepticism, then into epicureanism, then into subtlety and words. Poetry was transformed into satire.

"Yet there were moments when men were terror-struck at the solitude around them, and trembled at their isolation.

They ran to embrace the cold and naked statues of their once-venerated gods; to implore of them a spark of moral life, a ray of faith, even an illusion! They departed, their prayers unheard, with despair in their hearts and blasphemy upon their lips. Such were the times; they resembled our own.

"Yet this was not the death agony of the world. It was the conclusion of one evolution of the world which had reached its ultimate expression. A great epoch was exhausted, and passing away to give place to another, the first utterances of which had already been heard in the north, and which awaited but the *Initiator* to be revealed.

"He came. The soul the most full of love, the most sacredly virtuous, the most deeply inspired by God and the future, that men have yet seen on earth—Jesus. He bent over the corpse of the dead world, and whispered a word of faith. Over the clay that had lost all of man but the movement and the form, he uttered words until then unknown—*Love, Sacrifice, a heavenly origin*. And the dead arose. A new life circulated through the clay, which philosophy had tried in vain to reanimate. From that corpse arose the Christian world, the world of liberty and equality. From that clay arose the true Man, the image of God, the precursor of Humanity. . . .

"Have faith, then, O you who suffer for the noble cause; apostles of a truth which the world of to-day comprehends not; warriors in the sacred fight whom it yet stigmatizes with the name of rebels. To-morrow, perhaps, this world, now incredulous or indifferent, will bow down before you in holy enthusiasm. To-morrow victory will bless the banner of your crusade.

"Walk in faith and fear not. That which Christ has done, humanity may do. Believe, and you will conquer. Believe, and the peoples at last will follow you. Action is the Word of God; thought alone is but His shadow. They who disjoin thought and action seek to divide Deity, and deny the eternal Unity. . . .

"I have faith in God, in the power of truth, and in the historic logic of things. I feel in my inmost heart that the delay is not for long. The principle which was the soul of the old world is exhausted. It is our part to clear the way for the new principle; and, should we perish in the undertaking, it shall yet be cleared."

No words in the voluminous writings of Mazzini, however, hold greater interest for present-day students of social problems, or are more pregnant with helpful thoughts, than those contained in his last great paper, finished on the third of March, 1872, just seven days before he died. In this contribution the philosopher discusses the failure of the French Revolution to accomplish the larger victory that would have followed had its leaders not—as has already been pointed out—mistaken liberty for the end, instead of realizing that it was the necessary means to secure justice for all men, which must underlie a true Fraternal State. Mazzini regarded the French Revolution as closing an epoch rather than inaugurating a new era. The doctrine of rights, overmastering the theory of duty and obligations, laid the foundation for a new despotism or feudalism, in which an aristocracy of wealth would inevitably take the place of the aristocracy of birth, and in which the Government, though republican in form and nominally so in theory, would gradually become more and more the creature of a relatively small moneyed class, exhibiting progressive changes toward despotism by becoming more and more centralized, aristocratic, and subservient to the dictates of concentrated wealth. Very solemn and timely are his words, written when the shadow of death was mantling as devoted a brow as ever frowned upon intrenched oppression:

"The political theory, which dominated alike the great achievements and the great legislative manifestations of the revolution, was the *theory of Rights*; the moral doctrine which promoted and perpetuated it was the materialist doctrine which has defined life as *a search after happiness on earth*. The first inaugurated the Sovereignty of the *Ego*; the second inaugurated the Sovereignty of *Interests*. . . . The consequences—since every principle adopted inevitably generates a method—are obvious to all who understand the logic of history."

These consequences become more and more evident as time passes:

"Success is gradually taken for the sign and symbol of

legitimacy, and men learn to substitute the worship of the actual for the worship of the true; a disposition which is shortly after transformed into the adoration of Force. Force is by degrees accepted and sought after, even by those who invoke the holy names of Justice and Truth as the principal means of their achievement and application. The guidance of liberty is intrusted to the weapons of tyranny. . . .

"Those who have succeeded, by means of a temporary fraternization with the people, in obtaining what they required, unmindful of their promises and of the pact of solidarity to which they had sworn, content themselves with the quiet enjoyment of their own rights, and leave the people to acquire theirs in their turn, if they can, and how they can. Material interests become the arbitrators of all things; riches and power are held synonymous with greatness in the mind of the nation. National policy is converted into a mere policy of distrust, jealousy, and division between those who suffer and those who enjoy; those who are able to turn their liberty to profit, and those who have naught of liberty but the empty name.

"International policy loses sight of all rule of justice, all love of righteousness, and becomes a policy of mere egotism and aggrandizement; at times of degradation, and at times of glory bartered for at others' expense. Intelligence embellishes both crimes and errors by sophism and system; teaches indifference or mute contemplation in philosophy; lust and the worship of the external in art; stupid submission or savage rebellion in politics. . . .

"The expiation follows upon the crime; more or less immediate, more or less severe, but inevitable and inexorable. . . .

"The sole aristocracy of to-day is the aristocracy of wealth; the sole aristocracy of to-morrow will be the eternal, divine, beneficent aristocracy of intellect at its highest power—genius; but that, like everything that descends from God, will arise among the people, and labor for the people."

Again, in referring to the futility of a revolution based on a false premise, he says:

"The theory of Rights may be able to complete the destruction of a form of society either tyrannous or sinking into decay; it is incapable of founding society anew upon a durable basis. The doctrine of the Sovereignty of the *Ego* can only

create despotism or anarchy. Liberty is a means of reaching good; it is not the aim."

On the revolutionary movement he makes these thoughtful observations:

"Revolution is only sacred and legitimate when undertaken in the name of a new aim upon the path of progress, capable of ameliorating the moral, intellectual, and material condition of the whole people. . . .

"Every true revolution is the substitution of a new educational problem for the old. True government is the intellect, the sense of the people, consecrated to the work of carrying out that new educational principle in the sphere of facts. Everything depends upon so organizing the Government that it shall be alike bound to be and capable of being the true interpreter of that principle, and have neither the temptation nor the power to falsify it."

And of the august obligations resting upon democracy he says:

"Education, the fatherland, liberty, association, the family, property and religion—all these are undying elements of human nature; they cannot be canceled or destroyed, but every epoch has alike the right and the duty of modifying their development in harmony with the intellect of the age, the progress of science, and the altered condition of human relations. Hence, democracy, informed and enlightened by these ideas, must abandon the path of negations; useful and opportune so long as the duty before us was that of breaking asunder the chains that bound mankind to the past; useless and barren now that our task is the conquest of the future."

We will close these extracts with this touching appeal of the great patriot and philosopher to the children of freedom:

"Let us remain republicans and apostles of our faith, for the people and with the people; reverencing genius, but on condition that, like the sun, it diffuse its light, warmth, and life upon the multitudes. Truth is the shadow of God on earth, and he who seeks to monopolize it to himself is an assassin of the soul; even as he who hears the cry of an agony he might relieve, yet passes on, is an assassin of the body. Intellect, like every other faculty given by God, is given for the benefit of all; a double duty toward his brother-

men devolves upon him who has more than the rest. . . . Is not the hour before dawn ever the darkest in the mental as well as the physical heaven? And shall we, from irritation at the vapors by which it is surrounded, curse the star of day? Let us hold fast to our republican faith. Let us still fight on, serene in conscience, though sad at heart, and fronting alike calumny and blame, exaggeration and ingratitude, error and wrong. Let us not deny the true faith because of heresy. . . . For us, voyagers on 'the great sea of Being,' the insignia is duty, the condition of existence is motion. . . .

"The ascending movement of democracy is as evident to those who dread it as to those who hail it with applause; it rules and moves, not one, but all the manifestations of human life; repression is of no avail, for if repulsed on one point it rises up more powerfully upon another. A hundred years of regularly increasing agitation prove a vitality which cannot die."

Thirty years have floated into the eternity of the past since the brave, noble, single-hearted apostle of progress passed into the audience chamber of the Infinite; but though his toilsome life is over, his influence and his thought are the priceless heritage of all future time. And we doubt if in his life, even when he wielded the greatest power, whether his thought influenced more than it is influencing thought-molders among the advance guard of Truth to-day. He was one of the greatest apostles of progress given to the civilization of modern times—a servant of God and a prophet of the dawn, whose words should be studied by every young man and woman in these opening years of the twentieth century; for the truths he enunciated hold in a large way the hope of our civilization.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

A STUDY IN ADVERTISING.

MODERN advertising is an art, but it is also an industry, and one of enormous magnitude. Mr. Charles Austin Bates, whose information on the subject is unsurpassed in extent, estimates the amount of money spent for advertising, in the United States alone, at about \$600,000,000 a year. This, he says, is about equal to the value of the annual corn crop, nearly twice the value of the wheat crop, and more than six times the value of the pig iron produced, while the annual gold production would not pay for much more than one-third of it.

The figures seem beyond belief; but when one takes up any of the popular magazines, counts the number of advertising pages, and then reflects on the number of such publications and also of daily and weekly papers and the great space they fill with advertisements, he is led to think the estimate may not be extravagant after all. He will believe it more readily if he is himself an advertiser and knows something about the cost of publicity. A leading monthly published, not long ago, what it declared to be "the largest contract ever given to one magazine." It called for one page each month, for three years, with an option for two years additional, at \$4,000 a page, or \$48,000 a year. And this is only one publication out of many in which the same firm advertises.

With all its cost, however, this is a cheap way to put one's business before the public. The magazine that charges \$4,000 a page has a circulation of 950,000 copies, and a simple calculation will show that it distributes page advertisements at the rate of less than half a cent apiece, which is less than the cost of distributing the cheapest kind of circulars—with the additional advantage that the magazine is read by every member of the family and is preserved for months or years, while most of the circulars would probably be thrown into the waste-basket unread.

Another magazine, taken up for purposes of study, contains, in its issue current at this writing, 112 pages of reading matter and text illustrations, with 174 pages of advertising. This is rather more than the average amount of magazine advertising and probably represents that industry at about its best estate. It is worth studying. The longest advertisement in the number, excluding those of the publishers themselves, covers four pages. There are several that do not occupy more than half an inch apiece. In all there are 514 separate "ads." People who think magazine advertising is "done to death" will please take notice of this statement: Of the thousands of houses in the United States doing a general business, only 514 advertise in one of the most widely circulated magazines. Nor is this number to be multiplied by the whole number of magazines in order to learn the whole number of advertisers; for most of the more important advertisements in this magazine appear also in others, and many of them in nearly all. Besides, the magazine under consideration does not accept questionable advertisements or those of the more objectionable kinds of patent medicines. On the other hand, many of the small advertisements noted above do not appear in other publications, and many of them appear only once. It is also to be noted that some of the largest newspaper advertisers—the department stores, for instance—do little or no advertising in the magazines. Their bid is for local patronage only.

Taking all things into consideration, then, and making liberal allowance in estimating, it does not seem possible that the number of general—that is, magazine—advertisers in the whole country exceeds one thousand. One hardly likes to imagine what kind of a volume—library, rather—would be placed in his hands every month if all the competitors of the present advertisers were to follow their example in advertising. For instance, here are seven soap advertisements, ten of shoes, eight of cereals, seven of railroads, and as many of men's clothing. Why should not all the other soapmakers, shoemakers, millers, railroads, and clothing manufacturers in the country advertise

as well as these few? But what would happen to magazine readers if they did?

The schools of advertising, a recently developed branch of education, all assure their pupils that "the science of advertising is still in its infancy," and the figures just given seem to support the assertion. The magazines and other periodicals are crowded with advertisements, but there is an infinitely greater crowd of possible advertisers who are never heard from. The advertising schools have taken upon themselves the mission of sending into this mass of conservatism a leaven of young and energetic brain matter that will stir it all into activity, and the results are being seen already. Not only has the amount of advertising increased steadily in recent years, but the quality has improved. The old methods were sufficient for their day, when there was little competition and the men who dared advertise largely made fortunes with small intellectual effort; but now advertising is a profession in itself, and men of enterprise are fain to employ skilled writers and equally skilled artists to tell the public about their business—and these are developing the art of advertising, otherwise known as "the art of putting things." The business men are finding out that it is one thing to know what you wish to say and quite another thing to know *how* to say it, and that, while they may know the former, it is usually better to employ special talent to do the latter. Said one of them to a Chicago advertising agent who asked him for patronage: "I think I ought to know how to advertise my own business." "Yes," was the reply, "you ought to; but you are one man in a hundred if you do." And that is the view now generally taken in the business world. Even when a man doing a large business is thoroughly competent to advertise it himself, as many of them are, he does not have the time to give to this one of the many departments into which modern business divides itself. The large department stores, which fill newspaper pages with their advertisements and change them every day, employ not only one writer each but a corps of them. One man could no more fill an advertising page every day than he could write the entire contents of any of the other pages.

Department-store advertising is, indeed, one of the most difficult branches of the art. A well-constructed "ad." of this class is like a well-planned house—a credit to the architect. It is made of many parts, each complete in itself yet bearing a definite relation to every other; each "drawn to scale," neither too large nor too small; each an attractive feature in itself and made more so by its harmony with the general plan, and all so nicely arranged that, without any appearance of cutting and fitting, the advertisement shall occupy just the designated space—no more and no less. It is not an easy thing to do, even with the assistance that the printer is able to give with his deftly-placed "slugs" and "leads." Men who can do department-store advertising successfully command large salaries.

That the advertising schools are right, however, when they say the art is still in its infancy is evident from a study of the advertising in any periodical. The amount of money wasted in advertising that does not bring in proper returns must be enormous, and it may not be an error to say that the greatest waste is in the illustrations. There is no better form of advertising than a good picture; there is no worse one than a poor illustration—and too many of those published recently are poor. There is a difference of opinion among experts as to whether an illustration, to be effective, must be part of the advertisement or whether it will answer its purpose if it merely calls attention to the letter press. As a matter of space economy, it would seem that the former view is the correct one; yet the success of the well-known picture of the boy and the geese, which has no possible relation to the article advertised, is a pretty good argument on the other side. Perhaps the best rule is to make no rule at all, but be guided by the circumstances in each case.

But surely there can be little value in an illustration when it is used, virtually, by a number of different advertisers. When a man sees in a magazine half a dozen pictures of gentlemen dressed in well-tailored suits, accompanying as many advertisements, but all looking alike to him, he is apt to conclude that where there is so much monotony in the illustrations there

can be little originality in the goods—and go to his accustomed shop, in spite of the inducements held out in the advertisements. Probably a *tailor* could recognize differences, perhaps important ones, in the style, fit, or cut represented in these illustrations, but the average man is not a sartorial artist, and he would be more easily persuaded if the space taken up by illustrations that mean nothing to him were given to well-written descriptions of the goods offered, with reasons why he should buy them.

It is the same way with shoes, and especially with typewriters. Every advertiser of shoes seems to think it necessary to fill most of his space with a cut of the shoe he offers, which is very little different from that held out by his rival a page or two further on; while the typewriter cuts have about as much individuality as the conventional ship that the old newspapers used to place at the head of every marine announcement.

On the other hand, there are advertising cuts that are attractive pictures in themselves, and tell such interesting stories that no one who glances at them can overlook them or fail to read the letter press that goes with them; while they impress the complete story on his mind—another important object in advertising. The well-constructed advertisement is not only seen but remembered. It is not easy to make a picture of a suit or a shoe tell such a story, and some advertisers try to get around the difficulty by putting the suit in a drawing-room scene or the shoe on the foot of a handsomely-dressed woman; but these schemes require large space for their proper working out, and again the question arises whether they pay for the room they take up. When such subjects can be made attractive, the art of advertising rises to the dignity of high art. It is done occasionally. Readers sometimes see humdrum subjects so cleverly illustrated that the pictures are both artistic and interesting, while the burden of their story is strongly impressed on the mind. Very few men can do this, however, and they cannot do it all the time.

Some railroad advertisements present tempting views of the places to be reached by their lines and the scenery to be en-

joyed by the way; but, as a rule, the railroads do comparatively little advertising in periodicals. They seem to rely more on the printed matter given out at their agencies and ticket offices—much of which is expensive and beautiful, but little or none of which reaches the public at large. The managers of the roads seem to argue that people who wish to travel in the territory reached by their lines will feel enough interest to step into their offices and ask for "folders;" while it would be extravagant to waste pictures and print on people who do not intend to travel. It may be so. They ought to know; but, on the principle that "the longest pole gathers the most persimmons," it would seem that those roads which reach out after travelers must get more of them than those which simply wait for travelers to come to them. There are few sections of country, nowadays, that are not reached by more than one road. Besides, it is the function of an advertisement not only to attract business but to create it. Many a man who has no thought of traveling may be tempted by a seductive advertisement to take a trip on the road that issues the invitation.

The largest two classes of advertisers are the publishers of books and the proprietors of patent medicines, but there is a wide distinction between them. Both use cuts to about the same extent, which is in neither case excessive; but that is almost the only point they have in common. They differ in form, manner, style, treatment, and field of advertising. The former are welcomed everywhere. The latter often find it difficult to secure admission. Some periodicals will not accept their advertisements at any price. Others make choice among them, accepting those which they consider least objectionable; while those that take everything that comes along are apt to find themselves deserted by other classes of advertisers. Yet the patent-medicine men were pioneers in the advertising business. If they did not originate the display advertisement, they were among the first to use it on a large scale, and it was their success that taught other business men how to increase their trade. The world at large may not owe very much to the old patent-medicine advertisers, since it canceled the debt long ago

by giving them comfortable fortunes; but modern advertising must acknowledge their tuition.

The publishers set their advertisements in large type, with generous space to each, and give but few words to each book, unless, for some reason, they make a special plea in its behalf; while the medicine men use small type and try to pack as many words as possible into their space. Both, doubtless, know their business. A book may be seen and examined in the stores. It is reviewed in the newspapers and magazines. There are various ways of learning about it, and persons interested in literature do not need much more than to have their attention called to it; they will then investigate it for themselves. It is different with a medicine. Nobody helps to advertise that, and its proprietor must expound its merits at length if he would sell it. Moreover, to a person who is ailing, there is no other subject quite so interesting as his own illness. He studies its symptoms and everything relating to it, and reads with avidity long advertisements of patent medicines that, by skilfully describing symptoms of many diseases, are pretty certain to include some of his peculiar troubles among them. Hence, the medical advertisements that are a weariness and an offense to those in health furnish interesting reading to those who are ill—and doubtless bring much profit to the advertisers.

One of the commonest faults of other advertisers whose knowledge of the art is still "in its infancy" is to follow the example of the medical men in this respect, without having the same sound reason for it. They consult their wishes rather than their judgment. They have so much to say that they consider important that they crowd their space with small type and make their advertisements so unattractive that they are generally overlooked by the readers of the periodicals, who are often careless in scanning the advertising pages. In this way they defeat their own object and invest their money unprofitably. The tendency among leading advertisers is now toward the use of large type, set in unbroken lines as reading matter. This, when either standing by itself or surrounded, as it usually is, by other advertisements using various kinds of display, is

even more conspicuous than a picture; while the eye that falls upon it can scarcely help reading it, whether it is interested in the subject or not. Of course, if all advertisers should take up this style and have their announcements set in this type, there would be a dead level of uniformity and none of them would have any display at all; but, so long as human nature continues to be made up of so many dissimilar characters as it comprises at present, such a contingency is not to be feared.

An effective form of advertising in certain lines—it would not do at all in others—is the rhyme, or nonsense verse. This seems to be best adapted to street-car signs, and it is seldom seen anywhere else, but within its sphere it is effective when well done. Some new enterprises have been quickly established and old ones helped by cards containing a few lines of cheery verse, usually containing a point that stuck in the memory though the rhymes might not. But for some reason, perhaps because it does not appear to carry enough dignity, this style of advertising does not seem to find favor in the periodicals.

HENRY C. SHEAFER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

MODERN DRAMATIC REALISM.

THE trend toward realism on the part of certain modern playwrights seems to gather momentum with each succeeding theatrical season. Moreover, this realism appears to center with alarming directness largely about one phase of life—the portrayal of courtesans as heroines. This tendency should arouse question among all thoughtful people, but most especially among women.

It is to be suspected (and has been so stated) that women, through their patronage, consciously or thoughtlessly encourage playwrights in choosing the standard of their plays. It is further asserted that women throng the matinees where scenes of this character are set forth. If there be any ground for the imputation, woman has a plain duty to perform—at the present moment—in declaring what she approves of in dramatic art and what she condemns.

Woman is the dominant force in all social laws. She is the magnet around which society revolves. She can repel; she can attract; she can set up standards, and she can as readily lay them low. What is more to the point, she can set the standard for plays. We are aware that playwrights are so surrounded and wrapped in the art atmosphere that the vast ordinary public can never wholly see their motives. Whatever is seen, darkly, or glaringly, or with alarm on the part of the public, is invariably attributed by those within this art atmosphere to a lack of appreciation or entirely deficient comprehension of art. The public is aware of its so-called deficiency, and it modestly keeps silent over many things because it dreads to bring down on its defenseless head a sharp rap, to remind it that in its ignorance it has been condemning that wonderful and elusive thing called "art."

Leaving art out of consideration, and before we condemn

the playwright and his realism, which just now seems to be rather thrust upon us, let us inquire a little into stage productions. The playwright creates the play, it is true; but it is also true that whatever he offers has to be accepted by a manager before it is presented to the public. With the manager, then, rests the responsibility for acceptance. The manager is not constituted a censor to pass upon good or bad literary productions. He *may* do it; but his chief function is to stage the productions *that will pay*.

The playwright, then, must write along the lines likely to be accepted by managers. The Zaza-Sappho-Du Barry-Iris sort of managers speak plainly as to what subjects they think *will pay*. The playwrights who write down to that level demonstrate, over their signatures, that they write for profit only. The playwright must live, and he cannot well, under present conditions, get a play before the public except through the medium of the manager.

With the manager, then, rests the responsibility for presenting plays. We commonly see upon our billboards:

MR. JOHN DOE

presents

Mrs. LUCY LUCULLUS

in the thrilling Society Drama of

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

The name of the playwright is a mere incidental. The manager takes precedence of the star whose orbit he controls and regulates. These two are the great factors in the presentation.

Let us be fair to the manager. In the first place, let us inquire what he is, rather than who he is. He is mainly the financial backer—the one who assumes responsibility that money invested will meet with return. His first duty is to insure safe investment of the money he controls. It is not always his own money, or even largely so, but money placed at his disposal for investment as to a bank or confidential and trusted agent. Hence, the manager, despite the pleas or tears of a star, or the ardent representations of the playwright, is first concerned

about the return for the money he invests. No doubt many managers lean toward art and unstained drama; but their inclinations must always be squared with *box-office receipts*. Many attempts to elevate our stage have hitherto failed because the box-office receipts did not rise to the high level of the production. Many of the scattering plays that have failed have been highly moral, but they chanced to be unquestionably dull. Perhaps the manager, in his alarm over unprofitable plays, has gone off on the tangent surmise that the plays were dull by reason of their morality solely, and that, therefore, only plays that belittle morality, ridicule old standards, or excite the lowest passions or weaknesses of man can be made interesting or profitable. We are willing to assume that perhaps the overflow of passion-riven plays, with which our stage is flooded, is a result of hasty and mistaken conclusions on the part of managers who have become monomaniacs over box-office receipts. Perhaps, nay probably, we as a public have thoughtlessly supported them in arriving at the erroneous conclusion. In our insistence upon being amused, we patronize anything and everything that is offered, and thus swell the box-office receipts for plays that we condemn and deplore while witnessing them.

Here, then, comes the responsibility of the public. The managers may present what they choose. The public, likewise, has full choice to accept or reject what is offered by managers. Thus with the public rests the final and responsible acceptance of plays. No manager would persist in presenting plays that the public refused to patronize. Unquestioned patronage of distorted dramas, wherein scarlet women flaunt their presence in gorgeous attire, swaying men and events and dazzling and eclipsing all good women within their radii—by the very force and abandon of their unhealthy condition—cannot fail to lend countenance and consent to their continuance, not to mention a lack of sensibility as to social standards.

In certain well-paying plays of long run, the main motive set forth is the undraped licentiousness of the libertine and the undeniable prostitution of the heroine, unrelieved by any undercurrent of decency except what may remain latent in the imag-

ination. The continued presentation of these dramas cannot but tend to disrupt the bonds of decency that now surround society. That respectable wives, mothers, sisters, and sweet-hearts can look on them and come away without taint is beyond belief. None but the unwholesomely curious can appreciate such scenes.

I speak on behalf of a long-suffering, patient public, who do not, or have not intended to, lend consent to such productions, but who, thoughtlessly by silence and box-money, have seemed to indorse what they truly condemned. The success of "The Little Minister" and "Ben Hur" proves that plays do not fail because they are clean, wholesome, or moral. Plays fail only because they are dull, weak, or lacking in incident or human interest. Some may be too high for the general run of imaginations; but let no manager delude himself into the belief that a play ever failed because of its presentation of strong, clean, wholesome life problems.

Managers will continue to present what the public will accept through the box-office. In the box-office, then, rests the great regulator for stage productions. There the public casts its ballot for or against a play. If every ballot cast had to have the name publicly announced, I wonder if as many ballots would be cast as tickets are bought for certain plays by people who claim to be respectable.

It is not an excuse to say that one is obliged to go *once* and see because it is unfair to condemn what has never been seen. We have able and fair dramatic critics who frankly gauge productions for us. We have been warned in every instance where an immoral or reprehensible play has been presented. Let no one continue to shelter his or her morbid curiosity behind ignorance. Whoever patronizes such dramas does so because he or she is either indifferent or devoid of high moral sensibility.

Self-respecting men and women do not need enlightenment as to courtesans and libertines. We know all we want to know about them, and pity them accordingly. We pity them so deeply that no amount of glamour, no trappings flung about

them, can remove from us the painful sense of their decadence. Hence, the stage need not exalt these erring, perverted beings into heroes and heroines in order to induce our compassion. The true, self-respecting man or woman cannot find amusement in looking on at the process of vice breeding, however alluringly set forth or successfully wrapped with event and incident. To all self-respecting people the mere offering of such "attractions" to the public should be an offense.

The social evil hides its head and fears exposure, because it is yet believed that the public has decency enough to condemn whatever tends to weaken social law. Yet, on our stage, we are regaled with presentations of the social evil. The product of vice is held up to us for sympathy, admiration, applause. And we *pay* at the box-office to see what our social law condemns!

Has it required the theatrical manager to call the New York public to declare its measure of self-respect? If so, let us declare it so loudly that there will be no doubt as to our standing. If we can find such plays diverting, interesting, or amusing, then we declare our measure of self-respect by casting our ballot at the box-office and by unblushingly showing ourselves in such an audience. If we have the self-respect of our fathers we will demonstrate it by keeping away from productions that, to quote an eminent critic, "when you have passed an evening with them you long for a shower bath and a disinfectant." As a community, we should show so large a self-respect as to refuse to tolerate such affronts to public decency.

Let it no longer be said, with any shadow of truth, that *women* flock to matinees of such performances. Let the standard of self-respect be raised high enough, at least, to make women ashamed to form a part in such an audience.

It is remarkable, in an age when we are germ crazy and on the lookout for microbes on car straps, that we should be so thoughtless and unobservant of the insidious and prolific germ of moral depravity, termed "realistic art," that is fastening itself so surely on our stage.

Instead of casting the burden of responsibility upon the man-

ager and berating the playwright, let us be honest with ourselves and admit that *we* have been largely responsible through our patronage. Let us, then, have the courage of our convictions and demonstrate it by withholding support from the box-office where condemned plays are exploited. The self-respect and independence of the public thus asserted, manager, playwright, and play will quickly conform to the public demand.

FANNIE HUMPHREYS GAFFNEY.

New York.

A CONVERSATION

WITH

J. M. PEEBLES, A.M., M.D.,

ON

NEW ZEALAND—POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND
RELIGIOUS.

Q. Dr. Peebles, as you have recently returned from New Zealand, I should like to know some of your impressions of that New England of the antipodes; for, owing to its distance from us, its topography, political and social innovations, it holds a very special interest for our readers. In the first place, what were your general impressions of the country, its growth and changes, there seen, in comparison with the island when you formerly visited it?

A. The New Zealand group of islands, ever nestling under the Southern Cross, and never privileged with a glimpse of the North Star, has been, not inaptly, considering climate, growth, and recent prosperity, called the Pearl of the South Pacific. It charmed me on my first visit about thirty years ago, and on this, my fourth voyage around the world, with past memories in mind, the old-time charm blossomed into a sort of uplifting ecstasy while considering the marvelous improvements everywhere manifest. They were ideals more than partially attained. Considered hopefully and internationally, they were golden prophecies of an incoming, better, higher, world-wide civilization.

The area of New Zealand is only a seventh less than that of Great Britain and Ireland, the Middle Island alone being larger than the combined areas of England and Wales. This Colony is about a thousand miles in length, with over three thousand

miles of coast-line, embracing several excellent harbors. Some of its mountains, overlooking hot sulphurous springs, are perpetually snow-clad, while the valley-lands in the vicinity of Auckland and farther north abound in quinces, figs, limes, lemons, and oranges. From flourishing olive groves there is already being manufactured a superior quality of olive oil. Traversing this prosperous Colony, so liberally diversified with mountains, valleys, grassy plains, crystal streams, and beautiful lakes, one is frequently reminded of Scotland in scenery, and of California in climate and semi-tropical fruits.

Though gifted with searching eyes, not a "tramp" did I see in this country; not a beggar's cry did I hear; not a trust or soulless syndicate could I find; nor did I witness in villa, town, or city, any poor, unemployed, sad-faced souls pleading for work, to keep away the wolf of poverty. Mark the contrast. A cablegram from London, published in this morning's paper, informs us that "50,000 unemployed workmen are to meet within a few days in Trafalgar Square to hear addresses and pass resolutions insisting that the Government take steps to find work, or devise means to help in some way the 700,000 unemployed in the United Kingdom." Hundreds of families poorly clad were on the point of starvation, with children crying for bread. Sadly we may add that a not altogether dissimilar state of affairs recently existed in Chicago, where many of the unfortunate poor were half freezing, or dying from a merciless coal famine—caused by selfishly conceived coal trusts, and further aggravated by the local, purse-inflated coal dealers; and all this in the morning-time of the twentieth century, and within hearing too of plush-festooned pulpits and costly church orchestras, musical with the words of the pitying Christ, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Q. I understand that land for actual settlers can be leased on the most liberal terms, while the taxation of idle land is such as to tend to destroy speculation in land. Does this seem to have resulted in any marked increase in homes for the people?

A. Emphatically, it has. Not only wide sheep ranges, but

small, well-kept-up farms, greet and gladden the eye wherever abound tillable lands. Some farms are necessarily new, revealing but partial development; while others older and carefully cultivated are dotted with fruit trees and conical straw-stacks—resultants of waving, ripening harvests. The New Zealand Government owns all the unsettled lands; hence, there are no great land syndicates—there can be none—such as blot the escutcheon of Texas, California, and some of the Western grain States. No man is permitted to select and own over 640 acres. Pastoral lands are limited to areas that will keep 20,000 sheep, or 4,000 head of cattle; and no person may own more than one pasture run.

The unimproved lands of landowners are taxed. The Government loans money to actual settlers. The three chief tenures in the land system are optional—the freehold for cash, occupation with right of purchase, and lease in perpetuity. The latter is for 999 years at 4 per cent. Further to equalize the distribution of lands and increase the population by actual settlers, the Government loans money to these new settlers at a low rate of interest, to assist them in their beginnings.

Fortunately honored with hospitalities and interviews with the Lord Chief Justice (Sir Robert Stout, a most learned, broad-minded jurist), Judge Edwards of the Supreme Court, William McLean, member of Parliament, Sir Joseph Ward, acting Premier, and other Government officials, together with travels and tramps over the farm-lands of the islands, I have to say without the least mental reservation that New Zealand is the most prosperous country that I have ever seen. That the people are conscious of this and feel proud of it is evidenced from the following quotations from Sir Joseph Ward's address delivered in Invercargill before an immense audience at the same time that I was there lecturing in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall:

"It will be within the recollection of many who are listening to me this evening that the United States of America have often been pointed out as the land of freedom, the land of progress, the land where governmental conditions were all in favor of the

advancement of the people; but it is singular that the most numerous inquiries concerning the conditions prevailing in New Zealand for the last few years have been coming from America. I have personally received many letters asking for copies of our advanced laws and reports as to the working of them. But America, although a great country, and one for which I have the most profound admiration, is still behind New Zealand in some respects, which I will briefly refer to. As far as the use of the power of the State for the well-being of the people is concerned, the people of New Zealand themselves own the railways, the postal and telegraph services, and the telephone system; and the Colony has its own Public Trust office, its own Insurance office, and its Advances to Settlers office, not one of which is controlled by the people of the United States of America.

"Imagine, if you can, what the condition of affairs would be in this country if the great national works and systems just enumerated were privately owned. You would have exorbitant rates, whilst your privileges would be very much curtailed, and the country would be at a standstill for the means of opening up the fertile lands, which would be lying dormant and useless. In New Zealand the poorest individual has the same privilege as the wealthiest one, so far as the use of the State institutions I have mentioned is concerned. This, however, is not as in America. If you desire an exemplification of the power of the purse compared with the power of the State as affecting the interests of the people, turn to the great millionaires of America, such as the Rockefellers, the Goulds, Morgans, and others, and see the great advantages secured to them by their wealth over the smaller competitor in the same line of business. There the god of wealth overshadows almost every one of the great industries upon which the people have to depend for their existence, and in such a way as to make the people long for the assistance and protection that the Government affords to the inhabitants of New Zealand.

"In America, it is not the Government but the large speculator who commands the railroads and all those avenues through which the producer must send his goods to the markets, the latter being tuned up to any amount that the speculator, whose only interest is in his pocket, chooses to impose. America is the land of 'corners,' and the country where powerful men, with enormous wealth, operate to the disadvantage of the working classes. In New Zealand, however, the Government has, so

far, prevented anything of this kind taking place. Those in this country who tell you that the State ought not to be used as it is to assist the people will, upon close investigation of matters, be compelled to admit that the great concerns that the Government has taken in hand, and such as have been run in other countries by private enterprise, have resulted greatly to the benefit of the people as a whole. In regard to our State-owned railways, telegraphs, telephones, etc., I unhesitatingly assert that we are at least fifty years ahead not only of the United States, but, in the case of our railways, of England itself."

The above ringing address is certainly much in consonance with what is sometimes termed, by multi-millionaires, capitalists, and political laggards, "Socialism." This may be true. No student of economics doubts that there is a tendency—a rapidly growing sentiment—in this country toward the municipal ownership of street railways, gas works, lighting systems, and all public utilities, largely because of the monstrous abuses and piracies of private ownerships. Had Pennsylvania or Illinois owned those seemingly exhaustless coal mines which caused the great Pennsylvania coal strike, and later those oppressive coal famines, with their withering consequences of pitiful suffering and premature death, these terrible results would not—could not—have happened under the ægis of American civilization. This mighty drift of thought to-day touching Government ownership is not utopian, but tends rather toward progress and a solid, practical socialism, based upon the Golden Rule of Confucius and Jesus.

Q. There are three questions touching popular ownership in New Zealand that I wish to ask: (1) Are the interests of the community better conserved under popular ownership than under private ownership? (2) How do the people seem to like governmental ownership of public utilities? and (3) Is it showing such as to commend it to you?

A. These sturdy New Zealanders, with a rich flow of Scottish blood pulsating in their veins, decidedly "like governmental ownership of public utilities." If they did not, they would quickly and possibly rashly rise, like a cyclonic tempest, demanding in the name of human rights a change, and that change

for the better right speedily. Bear in mind that the people (man, woman, and Maori) of New Zealand, under Britain's flag, hold the unquestioned right of franchise.

Carefully, conscientiously considering the question of national progress from its social and moral bearings, as well as financial, I am thoroughly convinced that the interests of communities would be infinitely better conserved by the Government ownership of railways, telegraphs, telephones, water privileges, and the coal fields than through private ownership—an ownership often so intensely, madly selfish and over-reaching as to be actuated by no higher principle than that might makes right. New Zealand prosperity "commends" itself not only to myself personally, but so it should to the intelligent classes of every clime and country.

If poor, plague-stricken India is the hades of superstition, poverty, and Asiatic shiftlessness, New Zealand, Switzerland-like in scenery, is the paradise of health and thrift. Their buxom, full-waisted, red-cheeked girls are the ideals of all brainy men. The corset curse is mostly out of date.

The most of the best crown lands of New Zealand have already been disposed of, and always upon the principle of "the land for the people," "homes for the workmen;" hence the practical philosophy of restricting the area that any one man should hold. By the way, if an individual permits his land to decline for want of attention or cultivation, the Government commission investigates the matter; and after proper warning and advising, if there is no improvement, this land is forcibly sold for what it is worth and put into more industrious and trustworthy hands. The Government, paternal in spirit, seeks only the right, the just, and the good of the governed.

Q. From a religious and an educational view-point, how does New Zealand compare with Australia?

A. Australia, really an oceanic continent, is now a Federation, a Commonwealth of States, the controlling Government being located at Melbourne. This country, torrid in the north, is subject to hot winds and persistent droughts a portion of the year, little or no rain falling about forty miles back from

the sea-coast; yet it is steadily advancing along the lines of mining and agricultural improvements. The people are more conservative than in New Zealand. Roman Catholicism and Calvinistic Presbyterianism dominate the daily press of Melbourne. The press of Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington (the capital), and other cities of New Zealand voices all religions, orthodox and heretical, with equal fairness. Bigotry has no head and cannot think, no heart and cannot feel, no soul and cannot aspire; its pious pretensions are curses, and its besotted ignorance is only excelled by its brazen impudence.

Finally, all things candidly considered, New Zealand is the most liberal-minded, fraternal-spirited, thrifty, and advanced country in the world. I say it with all due admiration and patriotic love for my native New England.

Q. Will you tell us something of other reforms and innovations that have been introduced, and how they seem to be working?

A. Probably the most ennobling and, in effect, far-reaching innovation introduced of late years was the Parliamentary act of 1893, which granted to the Colonial women of both races the right of registration and franchise. Here, then, woman crowned with the stern justice of equality may walk in the glory of her womanhood to the polling-booth, ballot in hand, and say through parliamentary enactments who may governmentally rule over her. "Does she *use* the ballot privilege?" This is an ever-recurring question with those who believe in the expediency of male officials and male governments. Emphatically, they *do* use, not so much their "privilege," but their inalienable *right* to the ballot. Here is the documentary proof (New Zealand Year Book, 1901, p. 321): "The figures relating to women show that a larger proportion (95.24 per cent.) of adults were registered as electors in 1899 than in 1896 (89.13 per cent.), which would indicate an increasing disposition to use the franchise." The better and the more cultured class of women, without an exception, so far as I heard, favored the franchise. There were and doubtless are some New Zealand women opposed to equal sex-franchise, and so some of the

fashionable, feet-crippled Chinese women in the Canton regions are opposed to the healthier, natural-sized feet of the Tartar Chinese. The tyrant Fashion has her cringing slaves under all skies.

Among the evening entertainments aboard the "Runic," homeward-faced, with its thousand passengers bound for London, was an interesting discussion favoring woman's right of franchise. Honored with the evening's chairmanship, I richly enjoyed the hotly contested battle. It was brains, modesty, and refinement against numbers. Men alone did the hissing. Only one woman's voice was heard in the negative, and her chief point was "the disinclination of the women in her city neighborhood (Auckland, New Zealand) to go to the polls." The reason was obvious. There was no great moral question involved that year.

Talk as the thoughtless may, woman is more affectional, refined, and spiritually-minded than man. She neither smokes, chews, gambles, swears, nor drinks so much crime-breeding liquor as do men. She is morally better; hence the absolute necessity of her voice in politics and her uplifting influence at the polls. Every intelligent woman should be a recognized independent unity, having the right of franchise and using it. Every conception of hers should be immaculate. Every child thus wisely conceived should be ardently, lovingly wanted as a new bud in the home garden, and when born should prove, by heredity, to be a very Christ, afire with the grand upreaching ideal of infinite possibilities. Heaven help us all daily to see more of the peerless wealth of womanhood and the divinity of motherhood! The preliminary skirmishing relative to the ballot for women was long ago over in New Zealand. Caricature, ridicule, prudery, mossy conventionalism, priestly meddling—these did their worst. Justice and reason—those incisive, all-conquering master spirits—asserted themselves and became victors. Woman suffrage, inspiring the higher sensibilities and exalting the ethical standard of conduct, is now for all times an established fact in New Zealand.

Another marked innovation was the granting of the fran-

chise to the natives. They are called Maoris, and number about 50,000 pure bloods. About two hundred Maori wives have English husbands. The physiognomy, stalwart physiques, and forms as stately as our original Sioux Indians indicate their ancient Aryan origin, necessarily modified by travels and migrations among the Malays and Indo-nesion isles. Their traditions tell of reaching New Zealand in a fleet of canoes. The learned trace Semitic and Aryan words in their dialects. They practised circumcision, and their government was patriarchal. The English, seeing their possibilities, and thinking it wiser to teach them than to kill them, to filch their lands or gold fields, took extra pains to educate them. Very many of them are now land-holders, and all are voters. Four of these Maoris are now in Parliament, and one, an excellent speaker, is in the Ministry. When will America so educate her Indian tribes as to elect a Red Jacket or an Osceola to a seat in Congress—or permit an Elizabeth Cady Stanton to honor our Senate?

It may not be amiss to mention (touching "innovations") that New Zealand has no compulsory vaccination law. This advanced people would look upon such a parliamentary enactment as a menace to personal liberty. They consider every man's house his castle, and therefore would permit no preacher compulsorily to poison their children's minds with theology, and no doctor to poison their blood with vaccine virus, whether it were originally syphilitic or small-pox virus passed through the inflamed pustules of a cow. In either case it would have the aura and the mark of the beast. Compulsory vaccination in any country is proof of either pathological ignorance or a decline of conscience. Utah passed a rigid law about two years ago making it unlawful for any board of health or board of education to make vaccination a necessary condition for attendance at public or private schools. Virus vaccination has not a redeeming quality, and must go, as did bleeding, as did catharsis by mercury, and other drastic drug poisons. Only Demetrius and his fellow-craftsmen will weep.

THE TOWN THAT WAS SOLD.

A PROPHETIC SATIRE.

BY P. M. CROSBY MAGNUSSON, A.M., PH.D.

Happy Urbania! She enjoyed to the full all the beatitudes and blessings of "free" competition. Urbania was and is a town of about fifty thousand inhabitants in the land of the great American Republic—or Empire (take your choice). That is, Urbania *was* happy.

The good old order of things is all over now. But while it lasted the following were some of its blessings: An ordinary one-story, fifty-foot front store location rented for about sixty dollars a month—that is, in the best retail district of the city. Of these sixty dollars, perhaps ten were a fair rent for the *buildings*. The fifty dollars were paid for pure space. For pure space was a monopoly in Urbania, and about one per cent. of the inhabitants owned it and the ninety and nine paid tribute for the right to exist in the town.

Just watch those fifty dollars! You will find that by visible and invisible ways they and thousands of other contributions from every nook and corner of the town wend their way up to the fashionable quarter where the Lords of the Land live. As each landless man delivers his tribute, he gets from his Lord—landlord—a paper stating that the Lord agrees to leave him alone for another month in consideration of the tribute paid. Just as in the days of feudalism! Then many a city paid its lord a round sum to be left alone—to be free from military duty to the lord, from his tolls, and from his courts. There are some minor differences, of course. Titles are dropped, and the tenant may keep his hat on in the presence of the man who owns the space he occupies. Also, all poetic glamour has left the business.

An enterprising mathematician calculated that the average respectable family paid at least three hundred dollars a year for the mere right to exist in Urbania. This is no slur on Urbania, nor on its Lords of the Land. We are not such anarchists as to assert that it is wicked for real estate to be valuable. We simply state the fact. The Urbanite family paid three hundred dollars a year for standing room only; not in rents merely: the grocer, butcher, and tailor each made an additional charge on every purchase—though not itemized—to help pay his own heavy store rent.

No one could breathe the air of Urbania without paying for it to the Lords of the Land—and Air and Sky. Every farmer that came to town to sell a dozen eggs and buy a plug of tobacco had to fork over a mite of tribute to the Lords of Space. For he got less for his eggs and paid more for his tobacco because the dealer he sold to and bought from did not pay sixty dollars a month rent just for his health.

These Lords of Space were very estimable people, as a whole. Most of them had come by their wealth honestly, either by inheritance or by happening to have land in Urbania before the "boom." They spent their time much more respectably, or at least much less ferociously, than their prototypes, the fighting lords of feudalism. Occasionally a young blade would spend his time chasing actresses, but the vast majority grew up to be staid (and stupid?) pillars of society—Sunday-school teachers, directors in the library board, and managers of charity balls and rummage sales. They slept late of mornings, dawdled away most of the forenoon on the morning paper and breakfast, finally went "down town" to the office, signed a few letters written by the "type-writer," read the mail, took a dyspeptic lunch, wore the seat of the office chair a little longer, chatted with other Lords of Space on politics or "finance," and then went home to dinner and social duties with a clear conscience of a day well spent.

All a Lord of Space needed, to be "successful," was—besides absolute control of valuable space—the intelligence of a lobster and the push of an oyster; but they were looked up to as

eminent "financiers," "captains of industry," and "men of genius equal to Shakespeare's." As a consequence, a diversion of their daily program consisted in addressing high-school pupils, sociological gatherings of workingmen, and platform meetings in the churches on "how to succeed in life." The impression they left was that every earnest young man "before me" could, by "intelligence, thrift, forethought, economy, energy, honesty, and piety," earn his million before his hair was gray. The insinuation was always that the speaker's own millions were the result of sheer genius and virtue, and that everybody who was not idiotic or wicked was bound to become wealthy; "for," and this was always the great finale, "this is a *free* country of *equal* opportunity, and every honest, earnest lad before me has the *same* chance to rise in the world as had Gould, Vanderbilt, Rockefeller, Morgan, or I."

The beauties of free competition were many. Fifty grocers' wagons and a hundred milkmen's carts raced past one another all over town. Almost every one of these teams had to traverse the whole city. There were four daily newspapers in town and half a dozen weeklies. These were fed by advertisements to at least the extent of sixty per cent. of their income. This meant an additional tax on business houses from ten dollars a month to fifty dollars per day for "ads." So, when an Urbanite bought anything, from a pinch of salt to a piano, he always paid from one to seventy per cent. of the price for being convinced that he needed the article and that he ought to buy of Smith instead of Jones.

Urbania had also a private corporation street railroad, which charged a five-cent fare for a three-cent ride. Private corporations furnished water, heat, gas, electricity, and telephone connections. All were conducted on "business principles"—from the point of view of the private corporations. The consumers, to be sure, paid a double price for these necessities, but then they had the satisfaction of knowing that they lived under the divine dispensation of "free competition" and that the heresy of Socialism had not insinuated itself among them under the guise of public ownership.

This ought to convince you that Urbania was a happy, up-to-date town enjoying all the blessings of civilization.

* * * *

A young man, looking for all the world like an ordinary knight of the grip, arrived one morning at the Grand Mogul Hotel. That arrival—though they knew it not—was the end of the Old Order of Things in Urbania.

This mysterious individual first of all "studied up" the town. Those people who always know said that he was a reporter for some newspaper who was giving the town a write-up; but his conscientious regard for facts and contempt for real estate fancy did not well harmonize with this guess.

Every American town has a lot of "has been" real estate. Cities are in constant motion and creep up and down the land, slowly but surely. The residence portion crawls away from the business blocks, and these shift and move for every new railroad, factory, addition, or sometimes, as it seems, from the sheer caprice of fashion. As a result we have that most depressing, squalid, and forlorn place in the universe—that which was *once* the choice business or residence quarter of a city. Here is a world of shattered hopes, squalid despair, and shabby indifference. This "world" is always for sale cheap.

Our young enigma invested in several blocks of such land in Urbania. The property was well located, only a block or two away from the best business portion of the city. But some popular whim had decreed that nothing but ruins could flourish here.

A week later the second-class hotels were flush with guests. A crew of several hundred workingmen came to town and began to clear away everything that encumbered the earth on these dozen blocks. On the average, every Urbanite spent half an hour a day guessing what had struck his town, but the sum total of wisdom thereby produced on this point was not excessive. The majority guessed that some capitalist had decided to give the town a boom.

A month later a new force of workers appeared on the scene and the old crew vanished. Brick, mortar, stone, lime, lumber,

and building hardware arrived by the train load. Urbania had a boom, the papers said. Hotels and saloons did a rushing business. Every store in town began to pick up. The broad, placid smile of prosperity adorned the faces of the business men. Yet no one more than guessed the meaning of all these buildings.

Another deluge of train-loads! The buildings were finished and filled. Now the cat was out of the bag. *There stood a complete new city.* Urbania of old was superseded. Department stores, hotels, apartment houses, flats, tenement houses, light manufacturing establishments among which was a complete and very large printing plant, power-house, electric light plant, theater, library, and free public bath—all these, and more, were there.

The business men of Urbania needed no interpreter to proclaim what this meant to them. That very evening a mass-meeting was held in the rickety old shed that went by the name of "city opera house," and there it was resolved to boycott the nefarious "trust" that had settled down amongst them. Rather would they starve than buy a cent's worth of goods from these sinister designers.

A third of Urbania was there, and this third meant what it said. The butcher would rather have Lent to the end of his days than buy his meat from the new concern; the milliner, likewise, would rather have worn her old hat a century than buy a new one of this hated gigantic competitor.

Two-thirds of Urbania were *not* there, and hence went with a good conscience to the grand opening the next day. They found behind the counters Urbanites only, as a rule, for the policy of the new concern was to employ "natives" as far as possible. These people had been warned of the impending doom some days before, and had been offered a place in the ark of refuge, which they had accepted.

The bottom dropped out of everything at Urbania. In less than a year every private business had vanished. The Lords of Space were lords no longer, for their real estate had only the value of farming land. When prices had reached rock

bottom, the "trust," as it was called by the Urbanites, bought up the whole site of the city. Now it owned the city itself—street-car lines, gas, electricity, water, real estate—everything in sight.

On the very opening day, six pushing young fellows introduced themselves to the manager as advertisement solicitors for the different journals in the city. "For, of course," as one expressed himself, "you recognize the value of advertising. No business can long prosper that does not keep itself before the public by means of the press." The manager only smiled, and said that for the present he should have to try to worry along without advertisements.

A few days later the trust started two political papers—one Republican and the other Democratic. The papers were identical in contents, except as to the political "leaders," and they contained only one local advertisement. This was a very modest and matter-of-fact directory to the department stores of the trust. No attempt at display was used, and no bargains were advertised. We need scarcely state that within a few months every periodical in Urbania was dead except the two trust papers. Their local advertisers had perished, and no out-of-town advertiser cared to waste money in advertising where the whole market was in the possession of one concern.

The hotels that were not of the trust soon closed. The trust hotels had naturally all the business and patrons furnished by the trust, and there was no longer any money in the transient patronage, because not a "drummer" came to town. They had no reason to come. The department stores sent buyers to New York twice a year; hence, the manager would not even interview a traveling salesman.

Formerly, during the age of free competition, the rule was that the poorer a hovel was the surer it was to be inhabited. Several Lords of Space derived their chief income from renting miserable shacks in the suburbs for from three to five dollars a month. The expense for taxes, repairs, and insurance was trifling, and, though the rent was small, "many a mickle makes a muckle." Now *this* business was ruined. The trust offered

comfortable and sanitary quarters in its new tenement houses at a lower rate.

The Age of Industrial Feudalism had passed; the Age of Industrial Despotism had come.

* * * *

The real owner of Urbania was long an unknown personality; but finally, when his victory was complete and his rule established, he deigned to reveal himself. Urbania was not owned by a trust, but by one man, a millionaire a hundred times over, whose home was in New York. He was a philanthropist and a reformer as well as a financier, and he intended to reestablish Eden in Urbania. He succeeded. Urbania was a perfect economic machine. There was no waste. Save theater posters, there was not a wall advertisement in town. Grocers and butchers did not waste half the day in taking up orders. Every family in comfortable circumstances had a telephone, and sent in its orders thus. The servant-girl problem was solved. The owner of Urbania established a great kitchen and offered to supply ready-to-serve meals at so slight an advance over uncooked groceries that two-thirds of his vassals accepted the offer at once. Carloads of second-hand stoves left Urbania in the next few weeks. His laundry rates were so cheap that not a washboard in all Urbania was rubbed. Poverty was banished. Every citizen was sure of work as long as he was able to do it, and of a pension in sickness and old age. Every employee—and that meant every worker in Urbania—was forced to deposit a certain percentage of his salary (*a*) for insurance and old-age pension and (*b*) as a savings bank deposit. There were no saloons, no gambling dens, and no houses of ill fame in the city.

This benevolent despotism had its—well, its peculiarities. The owner of Urbania was as strong on “social purity” as a maiden aunt with marriageable nephews. Theater posters showing women in tights were interdicted, and one could see the advance agent early in the morning painting skirts over the objectionable figures, “by order of the council.” The ballet was forbidden in the opera, and all *risque* plays came to Ur-

bania with innocent names. But somehow the fast set had a way of spreading information, and very highly-flavored things indeed took place on the scenic boards in prudish Urbania, though the posters were so prim.

On moral grounds, our despot was also a strong "gold man." He believed that free silver was repudiation, theft; and the ukase went forth that every person known to have free-silver leanings would be summarily dismissed from employment. The day before election the army of workers were informed that, unless the gold ticket had a majority of one thousand in Urbania, the owner felt obliged to stop all his factories and reduce the salary of all other employees.

He did not believe in evolution and the higher criticism, and the city library board very carefully weeded out all books bearing on these subjects. As a result, the book list in the Urbania library was a little lopsided; but then—

* * * *

One day the news came that the owner of Urbania was dead. The flags were dutifully placed at half-mast, and there was sincere grief in Urbania. The people had reason to grieve, for the son that succeeded the founder of the dynasty was a man that needed money and had none of his father's scruples. Salaries were reduced; hours of work were lengthened; the inspiration of a hope for competence was removed, and Urbania, from being the most happy city in the land, became the most miserable. But what could the people do? They were abject subjects under their new master. They could leave town, to be sure; but an economic change of base is often equivalent to economic ruin. They were vassals: he was their lord.

* * * *

This tale is neither history nor fiction, but prophecy. Railroad monopolies are only the clumsy beginnings. Land is the great basis of all economic despotisms; and the day may soon be here when whole cities will be bought and sold as readily as now a railroad.

What are we going to do about it?

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By B. O. FLOWER.

THE RELATION OF THE TRUSTS TO INDIVIDUAL WELFARE AND NATIONAL INTEGRITY.

PART I. A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE QUESTION.

I. THE GOOD TRUSTS AND THE BAD TRUSTS.

The friends of trusts and monopolies, whether open defenders or covert apologists, insist that there are good trusts and bad trusts, or that some trusts may be compared to the wheat and others to the tares. Then, assuming that this premise is sound, they oppose all really vital legislative measures lest the protection of the people from the rapacity of monopoly might cripple the good trusts.

A short time ago a leading Administration daily of the Northwest, which had been parroting the platitudes of the political representatives of corporate interests, was challenged to name five good trusts; and, to the credit of the editor, he frankly acknowledged that, after going over the list of the trusts or monopolies now being operated by private individuals in this country, he could not name five trusts entitled to be called good.

Now, it is far from our purpose to deny the possibility of there being such a thing as a good trust or monopoly. In a truly republican government, where the initiative, the referendum, and proportional representation obtained, I am thoroughly convinced not only that popular ownership and operation of natural monopolies would prove examples of good and beneficent trusts, but also that the trend of civilization and the logic of events will ere long demonstrate this fact beyond cavil.

Even under present faulty political conditions the Post-Office Department is an example of a trust or monopoly whose beneficent influence is everywhere recognized, and whose shortcomings are so small in comparison with its helpfulness that it may

fairly be said to be an example of a good trust. In England, where the railroads are not allowed to rob the nation of millions annually in exorbitant car rentals and transportation charges, where the express companies are not so powerful as to thwart all attempts to secure parcel-package delivery, and where the banks are not so powerful as to prevent postal savings, we find letters carried at the rate of four ounces per penny or two cents throughout the empire, liberal rates for publications, a postal package delivery service that is unsurpassed, and postal savings banks that more than aught else have encouraged the poor to lay up money for old age.

Thus, where the post-office is not hampered and unduly governed by the baleful influence of *private trusts or monopolies*, and where it is not crippled by bad corporations, we have a striking illustration of a *good trust*.

The German government several years ago took over some of the railroads of the empire, with a view to determining whether or not the national ownership and operation of railways would be more advantageous to the people than private ownership. After a full trial the advantages of public ownership became so evident that popular sentiment is said to have been won over from a skeptical attitude to one enthusiastically and overwhelmingly in favor of national ownership and operation of all roads. Therefore, the recent action of the government in arranging to take over five of the principal roads remaining in private hands has been received with general favor. It is evident that in Germany the people and the rulers regard national ownership of the railroads as a good kind of trust.

Hence, while public ownership and operation of utilities may be beneficent, and while such ownership (where the people have direct supervision, as they would have under majority rule) would represent truly good trusts, monopolies that are owned and controlled by a few individuals or a special class, for the enrichment of their owners through exploitation of labor on the one hand and unjust and unwarranted exactions from the consuming public on the other, are in the nature of the case perilous to the State and oppressive to the individual.

I have yet to learn of a great monopoly or trust, organized long enough to become rich and powerful, that has not sought to secure special privileges and to prevent the enactment and enforcement of laws aimed only at safeguarding the public from illegitimate exaction and oppression, or that has been

satisfied with fair profits and the large gain in savings resulting from the destruction of competition. If there are any cases where a prosperous monopoly or trust has not plundered the people by excessive charges, they are such rare exceptions that the apologists and special pleaders for corporate interests have not deemed it wise to name them.

No. In proportion as a monopoly grows in wealth and power it becomes an engine of political corruption and of popular oppression. It enormously enriches the few at the expense of the many. It creates classes in a republic, and by so doing places the very genius of free government in jeopardy. It undermines national integrity while robbing the millions.

II. FUNDAMENTAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN POPULAR AND PRIVATE OWNERSHIP.

In considering this question it must be remembered that the difference between public ownership and operation of a business or utility and a private monopoly or trust is radical and fundamental. In the first instance it is the ownership by all the people for the mutual benefit of all. Here the advantages, the gains, the improvements, and the savings are enjoyed by the whole community, while under private ownership a relatively small group or class of individuals banded together are enriched at the expense of the vast majority of the community. Thus while in the first instance the spirit of the monopoly is democratic, in that it serves and benefits each individual in the State, in the second case it is reactionary and autocratic in spirit, in that it benefits or enriches a small class at the expense of the vast majority of individuals, and that it inevitably tends to separate society into classes—something absolutely inimical to the democratic spirit.

Moreover, under public ownership not only is the well-being of the people served and the democratic spirit preserved, but public morals are conserved in that the temptation to amass fortunes for the private purses of the few is removed; while in the case of private corporations and monopolies there is waged a continual battle for special privileges that will make the people the helpless prey to corporations that become predatory bands, animated by a spirit not unlike that which controls the Italian bandits. And all attempts to enact legislation that would serve to safeguard the interests of the people against unjust aggression and oppression by the trusts are fought by

the various demoralizing methods that from time immemorial have been employed by wealth to circumvent the ends of justice. Not only is wealth largely employed to corrupt government and powerful lobbies engaged to assist in defeating the public welfare, but government itself soon becomes honeycombed in all its departments with tools, agents, apologists, and champions of corporate greed; and thus the miasma of corruption permeates the whole fabric of government and subtly but rapidly disintegrates the very integrity that is the glory and bulwark of free institutions.

I think it is safe to say that the corporations and monopolies have corrupted and debauched municipal, State, and national life far more than all other agencies combined. Examine if you will the chief sources of public scandal. It matters not in what direction you look. Whether it be the *Credit Mobilier*, the whisky trust, or the embalmed beef scandal; whether it be the attempted debauchery of State governments as exemplified in the recent efforts in the Illinois legislature to give the enormously valuable street-car franchises of Chicago to a corrupt corporation despite the all but universal protest and active opposition of the city of Chicago; whether it be the sickening exhibitions of municipal corruption as manifested in the recent action of the Philadelphia municipal officers in giving enormously valuable street-car franchises to a grasping corporation, while they refused to consider the offer of millions of dollars for the same franchises from Mr. Wanamaker; or the equally astounding bribery revelations so recently exposed in St. Louis—in all these cases, which are merely typical or representative of the scandals continually coming to light, the debauching or corrupting influence has been corporate or monopoly interests working through various channels.

III. THE GOOD AND BAD FEATURES OF THE TRUSTS.

Though it would be difficult if not impossible to find a private trust or monopoly that could be called good or beneficent, there are features of the trusts that are most admirable. Indeed, if their economic methods had not been in alignment with the present sweep or trend of civilization, it would have taken many generations to achieve the power attained in a few decades.

The friends and apologists of the trusts seize upon the excellent features and seek to disregard or minify the evils; while

their opponents see only the grave evils and the perils arising from their rapid augmentation of power, and denounce them in sweeping terms as something wholly bad. Thus we have a vast amount of indiscriminate praise and blame arising from confusion of thought relating to the historic and philosophic facts taught by events of the last century and a quarter. And in order to gain a right sense of proportion, in order to be at once wise and just in our views and conclusions, it is necessary that we clearly apprehend the fundamental mistake of our revolutionary fathers, which rendered possible the rise of a new aristocracy with its arrogance and oppression.

The great Revolution shattered for the moment the old idea of divine rights and special privileges. It emancipated the brain and body of millions and raised a new and noble ideal of freedom, justice, fraternity, and equality of opportunities and privileges upon the ashes of the age-long concept of privilege born of force, prejudice, superstition, and selfishness. Had the vision of the master minds that gave final shape to the Revolution been broad and great enough to insist upon the acceptance of the new divine message in its entirety; had they at once possessed sublime faith in truth and justice and been great enough to sink all selfishness before the august new demand; or had the masses of the people been sufficiently enlightened to insist upon each and all receiving the rights and blessings flowing from justice, fraternity, and equality—the evils and oppression that to-day curse society and crush joy, peace, and growth out of millions of lives might happily have been escaped. But, unfortunately for the rapid and uninterrupted progress of civilization, our fathers made the fatal error, as Mazzini so clearly showed, of mistaking the means for the end. They accepted freedom as the ultimate instead of the means for securing the ultimate of justice and fraternity that depend upon equality of rights, privileges, and opportunities for all the people. Freedom in itself possesses no ethical life or force, but justice and fraternity are supreme expressions of moral or spiritual truth. Without these principles as the controlling and guiding power in the State, any government will degenerate into a despotism under one of many well-known forms.

Before such a thing as justice for the people, as the triumph of the spirit of fraternity in society, and the logical and necessary sequence flowing from their recognition—equality of opportunity and privilege—could obtain, the old order with its

classes and caste, based on privilege and bulwarked by the divine right idea, had to be overthrown. Freedom had to prevail where oppression, injustice, ignorance, superstition, and mental servitude had long held sway. Thus liberty was the absolutely necessary means to the end of justice and fraternity.

It was perhaps not strange that the new sunburst of life and joy and hope that came with her advent so dazzled the imagination of man that he forgot all else except liberty, and thus mistook the necessary means for the end. This mistake, however, was fatal in proportion as the demands of justice, fraternity, and equality of privileges and opportunities were denied men. Egoism assumed abnormal proportions, and the old spirit of arrogance, intolerance, and oppression began to drive out altruism and more and more subordinate the ideal of justice, brotherhood, and equality.

Upon this false foundation there began to arise a new aristocracy based on wealth—the aristocracy of the bourgeois. Its growth at first was slow and its spirit too timid to occasion the alarm of the unsuspecting masses. Moreover, with the new reign of freedom competition reached its apogee, and in the warfare of manufacturer with manufacturer, of merchant against merchant, and tradesman against tradesman, the manual laborer and the consumer were protected in a manner that would not have obtained if they had been the victims of arbitrary and egoistic monopolies, such as prevailed under various monarchic rulers in the old days when the State farmed out privileges to small bands.

Yet war was the very animating spirit of competition. It bred savagery and cunning, and, though the scenes of remorseless conflict and craft had been removed from the plane of the physical to that of the mental, the warfare was none the less demoralizing to the moral integrity of the individual and of society. Furthermore, attending this warfare was also frightful waste of brain and brawn—a waste that, while it prevented the absorption of wealth in the hands of the few from being as rapid as it otherwise might, was nevertheless borne by the producer and consumer.

With the new freedom that came as a result of the Revolution, the emancipated brain plumed itself for new and daring flights. Discovery after discovery in the world of physical science followed in rapid succession; while invention vied with discovery in the number and the marvelous character of its utilitarian devices. The hitherto hidden or little-known forces

of Nature were harnessed and employed for revolutionizing the face of the world, until the most remote corners of the earth were brought into such intimate touch that they are more accessible to-day than centers a few hundred miles removed were a century earlier.

The changed conditions made new economic demands. Single individuals could no longer effectively cope with the possibilities that opened before the dazzled vision of man. Only the people collectively, or the nation, or groups of the most powerful individuals in the business world could wring from the present all that lay within the grasp of power.

Had the high ideals of the Revolution prevailed, nothing would have been easier than the rapid utilization of the new discoveries and inventions for the further enrichment, emancipation, and development of all the people. But the fatal mistake of the Revolution had made it possible for the new world of possibilities to be utilized by the few for the exploitation and oppression of the many and the building up and bulwarking of a new and powerful aristocracy, with a spirit even more arrogant, insolent, and oppressive than that which marked the feudalism of medieval Europe.

About fifty years ago Karl Marx and other really profound economists clearly recognized that the new world born of invention and discovery had sounded the knell of competition; that the logic of events and conditions necessitated union instead of warfare becoming the key-note of the new order; that whether for weal or woe the age of combination or coöperation was at the door. And more than one of these great philosophers strove to arouse the people so that they might happily utilize the advent of the era of economic union for the enfranchisement and development of the masses.

Unfortunately the multitude only learn after they have been through the hard and bitter school of adverse experience. The stripes must fall many times. The stomach must long feel the pangs of hunger and the body the piercing cold ere man arouses from the mental torpor or hypnotic spell woven by conventionalism, prejudice, and superstition, combined with the magic influence of craft and cunning employed by those who profit by the mental thralldom of the masses.

And so the hour freighted with such wonderful possibilities for the emancipation and enrichment of all the people, through collective ownership and operation, passed, only to be seized by the captains of industry in the competitive world. They

were quick to realize that Golcondas of wealth awaited the few if the waste and warfare of competition could give place to combination—provided the vast savings could be diverted into the pockets of the few instead of going to bless the industrial and consuming millions.

Thus the modern trust and monopoly arose in conformity with the trend of civilization and the spirit of the age; and leaving out of consideration all thought of ethics, and viewing the trust merely on the business and economic plane, it is obvious that the displacement of warfare by union and combination is potentially beneficent, in that it largely eliminates strife from the various departments of activity and achieves an enormous saving by doing away with vast amounts of non-productive labor and liberating enormous volumes of capital that had hitherto been tied up in mills, machinery, and other things rendered necessary so long as every business was divided into innumerable warring camps.

But what is potentially a great and splendid blessing may become an intolerable curse; and so it is that the good features of the trusts or monopolies—that of union displacing war, and the enormous saving of capital, brain, and brawn—have, in the hands of egoists who refuse to recognize the law of solidarity and who disregard the fundamental demands of justice and fraternity, been at once the prime source of *popular oppression*, of *industrial slavery*, and of *political corruption*.

Next month we shall notice at length the case against the trusts as comprehended in the above threefold indictment.

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THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A REAL AND A PSEUDO REPUBLIC.

Switzerland has recently afforded a striking illustration of the difference between a real republic, where a country or a people through the initiative, referendum, and imperative mandate are the real rulers, and a pseudo republic, where the real rulers are corrupt corporations and trusts acting through political machines, partizan bosses, and their representatives in government, despite the wishes of the people.

A strike occurred on one of the Swiss railways, and the management, imitating the action of the lawless coal and railroad

magnates of our country, assumed that there was nothing to arbitrate and declared that they would not accede to the demands of the workers. The fact that the public would be greatly inconvenienced did not trouble them. In a word, their position was precisely similar to that of the coal barons who through their morally criminal attitude produced the terrible coal famine that prevailed during the last winter in the United States.

But Switzerland, happily for her people, was a republic in fact rather than a theoretical republic ruled by powerful corporations; so the government did not send mail pouches to be scattered among freight trains in order to afford an excuse for governmental aid in helping the real masters (the railway corporations) in their warfare against the just demands of the toilers. Nor did any central government rush federal troops to the scene of the strike, over the protests of governors and mayors, as was the case in the great Chicago strike when Mr. Cleveland was President and the erstwhile railroad and trust attorney, Mr. Richard Olney, was Attorney-General of the United States. Nor did the government manifest senile impotency in the presence of the railway magnates who operated the road, as did *our* government under President Roosevelt and the erstwhile trust attorney, Philander Knox, during five months last summer when the comfort and welfare of over twenty million American people demanded the steady employment of the 147,000 men idle through the refusal of the coal and railway magnates to arbitrate the grievances. No. As we said before, Switzerland is a republic in fact instead of merely one in theory; and therefore the government acted with promptness and despatch. A leading official was hurried on a special train to the scene of the trouble. The railway management was promptly notified that unless trains were running regularly within forty-eight hours the republic would take the road, keep it, and operate it in the name of the people as a public highway. Immediately the management came to terms with the workers. The strike was over within forty-eight hours and the trains were running as before.

But this was not all. The strike and threatened interference with the rights of the people to the accommodations and benefits of the great public highways, which are the arteries of trade and travel, and the further fact that one rich man acquired the ownership of one of the roads and forthwith filled the directory of said road with his minions, alarmed the ever-watchful Swiss

electorate, who understand full well that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, justice, and human rights.

The people determined that the hour had arrived for public ownership of the railways of Switzerland; therefore, a general agitation for governmental ownership was immediately inaugurated. But the people did not propose to pay any fictitious prices for the roads. They did not propose to make the widows and orphans of the republic for generations pay taxes for the supposititious widows and orphans that corporate greed always holds up before the public when they wish further to fatten the pockets of the commercial cormorants or when there is any proposition made to dispose of watered stock at anything like the actual value of the property in question. Hence, they took prompt precautions to avoid being victimized by the corporations, as will be seen by the following quotation from Mr. Henry Demarest Lloyd's paper in a recent issue of *Boyce's Weekly*:

"The Swiss National Legislature was compelled, as under the Swiss system of the initiative and referendum it can be compelled, to prepare and submit to the people for their acceptance or rejection a series of laws for the purpose. One of these laws put under strict regulation the manner in which the railroads must keep their accounts—this to prevent them from falsifying their books so as to show fictitious profits, for the purpose of compelling the government to pay more than the roads were worth. Another law prescribed the hours and wages of the men, so that the companies should not increase their receipts at the expense of their employees for the same purpose."

After these precautionary measures were taken, the people voted on the question as to whether or not the republic should take over the roads; and by an immense majority the purchase of all the roads was ordered. "Henceforward," observes Mr. Lloyd, "the management of the Swiss highways will be in the hands of the Swiss people—not of rich men, Swiss or foreigners. . . . Switzerland will have transportation of the people, by the people, for the people."

And, what is more, the farmers and producers at the one end and the consumers at the other will not have to submit to extortionate freight charges; or, in a word, they will not have to pay "all the traffic will bear" to furnish dividends on watered stock, and thus further enrich unscrupulous men who have already become the supreme menace to free government.

Nor will the Swiss postal department be defrauded of millions of dollars by extortionate charges for the enrichment of private corporations, as is the case in this country.

Here, as in other cases, Switzerland points the way to economic freedom. Friends of democracy, we have slept over-long! The government of the corporations, by the corporations, for the corporations, through the merciless exploitation and oppression of the laborers and consumers, is a stern fact, as the Beef Trust, the Standard Oil Trust, the Coal Trust, and the railroad combines amply attest, and as is further witnessed by the recent emasculated and miserably impotent trust legislation substituted by the henchmen of the trusts for any really vital enactments to curb the plunder of the people. But through majority rule and a persistent educational agitation the Republic can be rescued, and that without the shock of arms, if each voter from now on accepts the solemn obligation of the hour and does his utmost for the triumph of free institutions and the realization of a true democracy in the New World.

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PLUTOCRACY'S EDUCATIONAL BUREAU.

That plutocracy is alarmed at the rapid growth of public sentiment favorable to the abolition of private property in land and to the acquisition of public utilities by the people, as well as at the remarkably rapid increase in the adherents of Socialism throughout the Republic, is evidenced in various ways, not the least of which is the acquisition of a great number of daily and monthly publications by wealth interested in or dependent upon monopoly rights and special privileges.

But the acquisition of opinion-forming agencies by the representatives of greed-governed corporations is but one of many methods that present-day plutocracy is vigorously employing to deceive the people and thereby enslave the wealth-producing millions, while continuing their unjust system of oppression under which the consumers are becoming so restive.

Recently a so-called National Economic League has sprung into being, and great efforts are being put forth to win the nominal indorsement of editors, educators, and other influential personages by cunningly devised appeals sent forth as personal letters and signed by the Hon. Silas B. Dutcher, presi-

dent of the Hamilton Trust Company of Brooklyn, who is the chairman of this wealth-bolstered bureau whose ostensible aim is to combat Socialism. Recently we received the following invitation to walk into the parlor of this newly-created league:

"Dear Sir:

"We beg to inform you that the National Economic League will render its services in an impartial educational movement to oppose Socialism and class hatred; to instruct the people that, if we are to continue to lead in the world's industries and keep American Labor and Capital remuneratively employed, it must be through the organization of Industry into large units, directed by the best talent. Also to investigate, study, and discuss the fundamental issues which divide Capital and Labor, so as to be helpful in establishing rightful relations between employers and workmen.

"In addition thereto, to promote Interstate Comity in taxation, likewise a full discussion of '*How Far*' under present political conditions is it safe for cities in this country to municipalize. These are not only practical burning questions, but interesting from a sociological and scientific point of view. We are now organizing a Board of Associates or Contributing Editors, which will represent Labor, Manufacturing, Commerce, Law, Agriculture, Church, College, Transportation and Insurance, Organization, Newspapers, Magazines, Periodicals, Authors, etc., etc., and it will afford our Executive Committee great pleasure if you will become a member of this Board of Editorial Associates and Contributors.

"Please understand that this does not imply or ask that any part of your valuable time is to be promised for this work. You may be requested at intervals to contribute an article on some topic in which you are personally interested, in your particular line of work.

"There is no obligation on your part. We simply desire to know if in this way you will coöperate with and indorse the work of the League.

"Yours respectfully,

"S. B. DUTCHER, *Chairman.*

"(President Hamilton Trust Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.)"

On the same day that we received the above a well-known and progressive authority on social and economic problems received a similar invitation, and, not knowing anything about this "economic league" beyond the letter, said to me that if it were not for the one phrase, "to oppose Socialism," he should have been inclined to accept the invitation. I thereupon drew from a pigeon-hole a prospectus of the two books already published for distribution by this capitalistic bureau. The prospectus had found its ways into the hands of a liberal-minded clergyman, who had forwarded it to me. Now, some-

thing of the aims and purposes of this "economic league" may be gathered from the following quotations taken from the published prospectus of their books. Any one who reads these volumes, the league assures us—

"Will know that the belief that the capitalist has received too large a share of the benefits that have arisen from inventions, machinery, etc., is not true, but that the masses have received as fair a proportion of such benefits as the rich.

"Will know that the belief that the subdivision of labor, so that one workman performing a small part, as in the manufacture of shoes for example (one lasts, another trims, etc.), renders the mechanic's task monotonous and necessarily retards the mental growth, is the very opposite of truth.

"Will know not only for himself, but will convince others, that the belief that the land, and indeed all the wealth of the land, is concentrating in the hands of the few is not only not true, but on the contrary will know that all the wealth of the land, instead of concentrating in the hands of the few, is diffusing among the many.

"Will know that the tendency of corporations is not to concentrate but to diffuse the results of industrial energy; not to lessen the opportunities of the many, but to increase them.

"Will know that corporations and large aggregations of wealth do not render it harder for people of small means to become sharers in the profits of manufacturers, etc., but, on the contrary, that these corporations and combinations of wealth have greatly increased the opportunities of men and women of small means to invest their earnings and become sharers in the profits of manufacture, trade, etc.

"Will know as a matter of fact and record that the corporate organizations throughout the country, even those called 'trusts,' are a means by which the profits of industry are fairly distributed among the people.

"Will know that the belief that whether times are good or bad, tariff high or low, money scarce or plentiful, capital gets more than its rightful share, is the *real* cause for all this present tendency to Socialism, State ownerships, and a larger government control of industry and invested capital."

Nor is this all. Ex-Secretary Lyman Gage, whose amazing friendliness when Secretary of the Treasury for the National Bank of New York controlled by the Standard Oil Company is fresh in the minds of the people, and to whom one of the officers of said bank appealed for special favors on the ground of campaign funds contributed to the election of the Republican President, is so delighted with these new volumes that he wants, he says, to see "at least 1,500,000 copies of these two books distributed throughout the country." And, in order to compass this work, he suggests that the rich and well-to-do

citizens interested in the work should donate the requisite sum for this purpose.

This systematic attempt of the wealth-intrenched plutocracy or the new commercial feudalism to combat the principles of progressive democracy should awaken every voter in the land, who cherishes free government and sound republicanism, to the importance of promptly meeting the insidious campaign of education, backed as it is by the outspoken sympathy and encouragement—and doubtless also by the most liberal financial support—of the beneficiaries of predatory wealth.

If the Republic is to be rescued from a far graver peril than that which threatened her when Jefferson rallied the masses to overcome the autocratic efforts of the Tory class led by Hamilton, the people must rally to the cause of progressive democracy. Organize, agitate, educate, and meet the immense power of organized wealth, appealing through such bodies as the so-called National Economic League, the corporation-owned dailies, and the trust-controlled political machines and party bosses, by that self-forgetting and passionate patriotism and love of justice and the essential principles of free government that made our fathers invincible before the might of Britain!

We must meet organization with organization, education with education, agitation with agitation, and the great wealth of the predatory bands that are robbing every man, woman, and child of the country with that self-sacrificing devotion to the great cause of the people which shall again prove to the world that the eternal verities of right, justice, and freedom are more powerful than the multitudinous agencies in the hands of unscrupulous and artful wealth.

* * *

THE BOSTON COAL CLUB.

The citizens of Boston have during the last winter had a most impressive illustration of the curse of monopoly when one of life's necessities is controlled by private individuals, in the high-handed outrages perpetrated by an oath-bound coal club that formed a local trust. This combination, which was formed a few years ago, bound all coal dealers not to sell coal to any citizen below a price agreed upon by the trust or local

monopoly, and as a result at the opening of winter the citizens of Boston found themselves completely at the mercy of a monopoly as rapacious and grasping in its instincts as were the great Coal Trust or the Standard Oil Company. Coal was held at from ten to eighteen dollars a ton, and so determined were they that even the poor of Boston should not gain the benefits of low-priced coal, rendered possible by subscriptions of thousands of dollars made by citizens, that this trust captured the member of the citizens' relief committee who had the purchasing of the coal, and so powerful was the influence brought to bear upon him that he refused coal at between five and six dollars offered by the street-railway company, but paid nine and ten dollars a ton to the trust. He also refused to entertain the idea of doing what citizens in other cities were doing—namely, bringing in coal by the carload from the mines, which could have been done at a saving of several dollars a ton. And long after the scarcity ceased—when, indeed, Boston was glutted with coal and the retail price of the best hard coal in New York City had been placed at \$6.50 a ton; when in Providence, Rhode Island, the same coal was retailing at \$7.50 a ton; and when in Portland, Maine, and in other cities much farther from New York than Boston, the retail price was placed at \$8—the Boston Club held the price at \$10 a ton.

Thus were the poor of the city robbed in a manner that would have been impossible had it not been for the existence of a brutal and immoral monopoly, with a government—municipal, State, and national—so completely owned and controlled by monopolistic and trust influences that popular relief was not forthcoming.

The last winter has witnessed the coal consumers of Boston the victims of the great Coal Trust and railway combine that fixes extortionate coal freight rates, and of the local coal club or monopoly; and in this manner they have been plundered at every point. It is quite safe to say that the loss, the misery, and the suffering endured by the American people through common thieves, robbers, and burglars who during the last ten years have been sent to the various penitentiaries throughout the Republic are all told insignificant compared with the financial loss, the suffering, the misery, and the death that the masses of the American people have sustained during the last ten months through unjust and extortionate charges levied by the Standard Oil Trust in its increase in the price of oil, by the Beef Trust, and by the Coal Trusts, general and local.

Who shall dare to say that in the eye of the *higher law*, or considered *ethically*, the multi-millionaire members of these predatory bands known as trusts and monopolies, and who are enriching themselves through the wholesale plunder of the people while they debauch government at every point, are not far greater criminals than the petty thieves who steal that they may not starve?

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.*

THE GAME OF LIFE. By Bolton Hall. Cloth, 230 pp. New York: A. Wessels Company.

There are times in the history of civilization when nations are recreant to the high mission intrusted to every people and upon the fulfilment of which the very permanency of national life depends—times when a people becomes so drunken with the wine of conquest and power, and so stupefied by greed for gold, that the line of demarcation between justice and injustice, right and wrong, morality and immorality, seems well-nigh obliterated; and high aims and aspirations are flung aside for baser attainments, while moral crimes of the most far-reaching and insidiously evil character are justified, and popular shibboleths, such as "duty and destiny," are advanced to excuse a people for betraying the holy trust confided by civilization and progress.

There are times when the Church is seduced by material wealth, so that, no longer overmastered by the spiritual verities, she too much concerns herself with splendid temples, rich vestments, and costly service—when a rich and fashionable congregation weighs more heavily than the bitter cry of the poor, the oppressed, and the suffering ones.

There are times when the approval of Cæsar is more sought after than the cultivation of peace, loving-kindness, gentleness, meekness, fraternity, and justice; and we find a mania for proselyting leading men to compass land and sea for converts and to sanction and applaud the wholesale slaughter of fathers, husbands, and sons if thereby a religious tenet may be forced upon an unwilling people.

There are times when the commercial rulers and the Pharisees ostentatiously endow universities, schools, and churches, and for a pretense make long prayers and teach in the Sunday-schools, even though their wealth represents the ruin of many of their fellow-men, the destruction of widows, and the bitter cry of orphans.

There are times when conventional society throws its sheltering arm around great moral criminals who are rich and powerful; when the Church and the press and the school remain silent and tongue-tied in the presence of those who have corrupted government and gained the power to oppress and rob millions by securing special privileges, or who have boldly broken criminal statutes and through their lawless acts have been able to plunder the people. While the petty crime of a poor man is remorselessly punished, the great criminal is banqueted and honored.

*Books intended for review in *THE ARENA* should be addressed to B. O. Flower, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

We are living in such a time to-day; and perhaps nothing is more needed than the satirist who tears aside the wretched mask of self-deception and compels society to behold the revolting reality. Indeed, in times of great moral awakening satire has often been one of the most effective instruments in arousing the sleeping conscience, so that the people hear again the voice of wisdom, justice, and righteousness.

In "The Game of Life," Mr. Bolton Hall's new book of present-day parables, we have one of the most timely and brilliant contributions to satirical literature of recent years. Here in a clear, bold, and effective manner the hollow shams, the sickening hypocrisy, and the essential immorality and criminality of crying evils in State, Church, and society are so tellingly unmasked that they cannot fail to make a permanent impression upon every mind where conscience still guides reason.

In this volume are several parables dealing with our criminal aggression in the Philippines and with other phases of essentially immoral acts connected with the State. Of these the following will serve as fair illustrations:

OUR PLAIN DUTY.

A Methodist burglar bought from a Catholic pal the key to a house, and let himself in. When the people of the house became alarmed, he assured them that he was there only to assist in driving away intruders. The man of the house said he was perfectly able himself to drive away any intruders, except the burglar. "Yes," said the burglar, "but I purchased the sovereignty of your house from a former claimant."

When the man of the house resisted the benevolent assimilation of his valuables, the burglar denounced him as a rebel, and finally knocked him down. The burglar then began to consider his duty in the house. Said he: "Having opened the door, it is my plain duty to stay in the house lest some one should steal my new possessions. I must also shoot the inmates in order to maintain order." Then he assaulted the women so as "to establish respect for civil authority."

He said: "This house needs a revenue commissioner, also a home secretary, a commandant, an attorney-general, a head of the department of the interior, and several other officers, which are the manifest destiny of my numerous family."

PROSPECTUS OF THE MISERY MFG. COMPANY.

(Chartered under the Laws of Every Civilized Country. General Agents: Mauser, Shrapnel & Co.)

Recognizing the rude methods by which Hades has so long been raised, a number of gentlemen, prominent in social, political, and Christian life, have formed this company for its manufacture on a large scale, and have enlisted the coöperation of the United States Government.

We believe that our methods will put us beyond competition, even of the saloons; at the same time helping the farmer to raise more Hell and fewer hogs, paying us, of course, for the privilege.

We control the patents of Dingley, Hanna, L. Roaring Jake, and others, as well as the secret processes of "Charity" and "Monopoly"; but our chief advantage is the wonderful

New Process of Benevolent Assimilation

(United States Patent).

Our product, served with roasted Georgia blacks or "*à la Idaho*," will be very popular, being most satisfying for domestic use.

We put the article up in neat coffin-shaped boxes, marked with the American flag. Special brands, devised by practical missionaries to meet the demands of all countries; for instance, for brown pagans, we label it "*Civilization*"; for Spanish Christians, "*Humanity*"; for Indians, "*Guardianship*," and for Mormons, "*Morality*."

We have found means to utilize the by-products of Hades, such as corruption, savagery, and repression. These alone will repay to the stockholders their entire investment.

The company is indorsed by the Evangelical Alliance and the bishops and clergy generally. None genuine without our trade-mark, "*Patriotism*."

Shares for sale on liberal terms, or will be exchanged for souls or for national honor. Pious fools and military "*heroes*" wanted as agents everywhere. Verily they shall have their reward.

General Office:
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Branches in
Samoa, Cuba, and Manila.
ELIHU ROOT, *Secretary*.

Franchise, Contrakt & Co.,
Advertising Agents, New York.

"THE SANCTIFIED MEANS."

It was in the trenches.

"Open your mouths!" cried the captain. The soldiers opened their mouths.

"Lie!" said the captain. The soldiers said to one another, "The captain is certainly drunk." The captain frowned. "They won't follow instructions," said he.

"Hands in pockets!" shouted the captain. The soldiers put their hands into their pockets.

"Steal!" shouted the captain. The soldiers said to one another, "The captain is crazy." The captain stormed. "They don't obey orders," said he.

"Present arms!" shouted the captain. The soldiers raised their rifles.

"Murder!" said the captain. The men fired and killed some of their brethren. "Ah," said the soldiers, "the captain gives right orders now." The captain laughed. "They do their duty," said he.

The soldiers said: "We lie for ourselves; we steal for our families; but we murder for the Government."

Unquestionably the most demoralizing influence in society to-day is the rich man who through monopoly rights, special privilege, and by means of indirection has become immensely wealthy, and who through his agents has corrupted government, wronged the wealth-creators, and plundered the consumers. The saloon, with its blasting and blighting curse, and the tens of thousands of petty gamblers, burglars, and other workers of iniquity are far less a menace to civilization or a curse to the State than the great gamblers of Wall Street and the manipulators of the corrupt corporations who are debauching government until respect for law is being destroyed, while the corrupters pose as pillars of society and liberal donators to church and college. There are many parables in Mr. Hall's book that hit off the shams and hypocrisies of these so-called eminently respectable ones. We have space only for the following:

A PHILANTHROPIST IN A PULPIT.

(*Associated Press Despatch.*)

President Jesse James yesterday addressed the Sunday-school of the Church of the Traveling Public, his subject being "Commercial Success." Mr. James took his text from the Book of Revelation of Plutocracy, Chap. I., v. i.: "The Public be damned." He said in part: "As you know, my dear little People, by my Industry, Honesty, and Perseverance I acquired this road from Dick Turpin, whose death by a fall from a scaffold was a public calamity. Having secured the road, I am entitled to whatever the traffic will bear. Some infidel demagogues, forgetting the immense sums that I have donated in wages to those who work for my Interest, and the further sums that I have appropriated to my University, call these gifts my 'booty.' These are the public against whom the denunciation of our text was launched. But every boy has a chance to get such booty. Only, the Highways must be managed by professional Highwaymen."

"Let every one get a Monopoly, even if it be only of a little piece of land; for, except by Monopoly, there is no way to get more than you can earn. Remember that 'he that hasteth to get rich shall come to poverty'; that means to legislatures, for the legislators are poor and powerful. For 'the law is a strength unto my right hand.'"

"I hold my wealth only as a Trust, a sort of Steal Trust, for those to whom it really belongs, but who shall never get it."

HOW TO BE GREAT.

The children sat down to the table.

Willy said, as he staked out a claim to the chairs: "My foresight was such that I secured these sites—seats, I mean."

Johnny, by the connivance of the servants, scooped in all the salad oil. He remarked, as he handed the waiter a bribe: "The Lord gave this to me as a Trust." Georgie said: "By my honesty and industry I secured control of this passageway, and I am entitled to all that the traffic will bear."

THE STATE OF THE HEATHEN.

We met to consider what was the trouble with the heathen. Everybody talked at once, so that nobody except myself could hear what anybody said.

"He wastes the skins of his bananas," said the College Settler.

"He drinks too much rum, when we send it to him," said the Good Templar.

"He does not acquire any land," said the Political Reformer.

"Nor, indeed, any of his neighbor's goods," said the Business Man.

"He spends too much upon his funeral rites," said the Superintendent of the Poor.

"He thinks too much about his other rights," said the Senator.

"Send him to the country," said the City Missionary.

"Send him to the devil," said the Practical Politician.

"We must share with him the blessings of our civilization," said the Stock Broker.

"Send the soldiers after him," said the Expansionist.

"And some Bibles, too," said the Parson. "Bibles (when they are in the soldiers' pockets) often stop bullets."

I stood up and said nothing. At this they were greatly astonished; and when all had ceased talking I read:

"Ye compass sea and land to make one Proselyte, and when he is made ye make him twofold more a child of hell than yourselves."

The meeting broke up in confusion.

The press and apologists for plutocracy who are always harping on the thriftless poor will not enjoy this parable:

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE POOR.

A Bandit used to rob the peasantry, so that when they began to starve they appealed to him for charity.

Said the Bandit: "I will give you nothing; you are poor because you are thriftless. If you were industrious and honest," said he (as he lifted a sheep), "the country would be richer (and I could make more). You waste your goods (so that there is nothing to steal). My Associated Charities inform me that you waste even the bones of your meat; and then we all suffer hard times."

"But, Sir," replied the Peasants, "you yourself throw away even the legs, and eat nothing but the tenderloins."

"I can afford it," said the Bandit, "because I do not have to work for my living; you Lower Classes would better pray to heaven for prosperity, instead of troubling me with your preposterous discontent."

Here also are some very timely words:

THE CONVERT.

A wicked young man used to say "D—"; and he invited his impious friends to drink cocktails and to play penny-ante. He chewed tobacco, and did not love to work, and would stand at the corner evenings and make passers-by give up nickels to "rush the growler." In short, he was thoroughly bad.

This vicious youth was seized by a slumming Bishop, who told him that he was going to hell; whereupon the youth joined the Church and became a stock broker, and gave up swearing, and his cordial manners helped him to get on the inside track.

Then he stood in with the Legislature, and got a railroad franchise. He gave up beer, and bonded the road for twice what it cost and built a mission chapel, and stocked the road for three times the bonds, and was put on the Committee of the Thirteen Reformers, and got rid of nearly all the stock before the receiver came in.

Then he gave up chewing tobacco and founded a hospital, and made a good thing on the reorganization of the road, and retired from business, and sold the income bonds at nearly par, so that he was able to endow a chair of political economy, and make again on buying in at the foreclosure of the road. He said: "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord."

When he died of the gout, he left eleven millions and a mistress, and his devout widow put on his mausoleum: "There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God."

The daily press for the most part is closed against any friendly and fair discussion of fundamental reform measures. The plutocracy that owns the press, or to whom it is beholden for advertising patronage, will not allow free speech. Ministers for a like reason are affrighted when any one offers to discuss fundamental reforms. Mr. Hall has not overlooked this fact, as witness the following:

A SUBJECT FOR "THE HUMAN IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY."

"Let us discuss," said the Clergyman, "the origin of sin among the lower classes."

"Rescue work among the Fiji Magdalens——" said the Missionary.

"Or," interrupted the Professor, "the ratio of wages to the price of *pate de fois gras*."

"Rather the doctrine of Antinomianism," said the Theologian.

Said the Philanthropist: "The care of superannuated, delinquent, one-legged women is a profitable subject."

"Let us discuss the Monopoly of Land," said the Demagogue. The Missionary said "that was flying in the face of Providence, for it would stop subscriptions." The Clergyman said "he had to go to a meeting for the suppression of vice among the poor." The Theologian looked at his watch. The Philanthropist had a chill, and the Professor said that a man had fallen among thieves, and he must go and pass by on the other side. Said the Scientist: "The consideration of Degeneracy and Cretinism is more comforting to those on top—to the upper classes, I mean."

And they went out one by one.

The parables are not all satires by any means. Some of them are exquisite little conceits, of which the following is a fair example:

GOING TO HEAVEN ALONE.

There is a monkish tale something like this: A woman groaned and protested so in hell that she disturbed the peace of God. Therefore, he sent Gabriel to see whether she could not be gotten out; and Gabriel asked her whether she had ever in the world done one deed that came from a kindly heart. After long thought she said she had; she had once given a carrot to a beggar. God said to the angel, "Go, find the carrot." So the angel found the carrot; and God stretched the carrot down to hell, and told the woman to take hold of it, and with it he was drawing her up out of hell.

But the poor souls that were about her clung to her skirts, that they also might be lifted up; and when the weight was great she tried to shake them off, crying, "Let go; this is my carrot!" God said, "Then you did not really give it, after all." And God let the carrot go, so that she sank back into irrevocable hell.

This is a volume that should have the widest possible circulation. It is a book much needed at the present time and will prove additional yeast that shall aid in leavening society with justice.

THE NEXT STEP IN EVOLUTION. By Issac K. Funk, D.D., LL.D. Cloth, 106 pp. Price, 50 cents net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"The Next Step in Evolution" is an excellent companion volume to "The Ascent of Man," by Professor Drummond. Both works are calculated to appeal with convincing force to the reason of tens of thousands of naturally religious persons who have accepted the theory of evolution, and who because they could find no rational reconciliation between it and the claims of theologians have drifted from the old-time moorings into the sea of agnosticism.

Dr. Funk frankly accepts the claims of evolution and throughout his work displays a broad, philosophic spirit, a wide range of intellectual vision, and a hospitality to new ideas rarely found in theological writers; while his thought is instinct with the moral enthusiasm born of a living faith and that consciousness of a relationship to the Divine Heart of the Universe that throughout all the ages has differentiated the mystic

from the man whose inner vision carries him no further than the dead wall of cold intellectualism. The author is an orthodox clergyman, but his breadth of view will impress many of the more narrow of his brethren with the idea that at times he comes perilously near the danger-line of heterodoxy. He believes that Christ is coming, and that the coming is in a larger sense than ever before at hand to-day; but the coming is different from that entertained by conventional Christianity, as may be seen from the following extracts:

That the Christ is coming, and that this coming is near at hand, is believed to-day by millions.

He is coming—but how?

Hear Him:

The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened—the life and nature of the leaven reappearing in the quickened mass. . . .

And again:

The kingdom of heaven is as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and it should spring up and grow, he knoweth not how; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. It is all natural: the earth does its work; the sun, the air, the water do their work, and the life and nature of the seed grow and multiply, reappearing in each grain in accordance with the nature of the seed. It is natural, but marvelous: the man "knoweth not how" it is done; but no one says, therefore, that the growth is supernatural, miraculous. . . .

Life reappears in new life. The leaven and the seed and the Christ life all reincarnate themselves in more leaven, more seed, more of the Christ life. "In that day," said Jesus, "ye shall know that I am in you."

Christ came the first time into men's vision by coming on the plane of their senses; He comes the second time into men's vision by lifting them up to His plane of spiritual comprehension.

The coming of the Christ life or the divine afflatus into our being is the vital coming. When Jesus came to Palestine, what good did his wonderful presence to those who, though in daily contact with him, heeded not his words and felt no uplift of spirit through the contact? But to feel the transforming spirit within—that means everything. Says Dr. Funk:

"This coming of Christ involves a new birth, a new creation, a new kingdom. It means a new step in the evolution of man. As man has stepped from the mineral kingdom to the vegetable kingdom, and from the vegetable kingdom to the animal kingdom, and from the animal kingdom to the kingdom of the natural man, so now he steps from the kingdom of the natural man to the kingdom of the spiritual man—every portion of this step a natural process subject to critical scientific analysis, if that analysis goes deep enough, wide enough, far enough. It is the continuance of evolution without a break, without a leap ('Nature never makes leaps,' says Leibnitz; the leaps are only seeming), lifting the race by a new birth through Christ, the type-life, up to the plane of spiritual being and knowing."

This second coming of Christ our author finds to be in perfect accord with the laws of sequence and of continuity:

"Each of the successive steps or kingdoms has had its type-life. The plant—that is, the physical basis of the plant life—came from the

inorganic matter; the animal—that is, the physical basis of the animal life—came from the plant and through the plant from the mineral kingdom; the natural man—that is, the physical basis of the life of the natural man—came from the animal and the kingdoms below it; the spiritual man—that is, the physical basis of the life of the spiritual man—comes from the natural man and the kingdoms below him.

"The development from kingdom to kingdom was a natural unfolding; yet the new creature of the next higher order always came through a new birth—a double birth: (1) the birth of the new type-life of the next higher kingdom into the evolutionary order of Nature, through the hereditary chain; and (2) the birth of each individual into this type-life."

The author next sums up the progress of life through its four stages, beginning with the emergence of vegetable life from the inorganic world that formed the basis of that life, up through the plane of animal existence to that of the natural man, and from the kingdom of the natural man to that of the spiritual man. He surveys life from the platforms on the spiral ladder of ascent, and notes that: "As the spiritual type-life lifts the natural man into the spiritual kingdom, so the type-life of the natural man lifted the animal into the kingdom of the natural man, and the animal type-life lifted the vegetable, and the vegetable type-life lifted the mineral." He finds no break in the golden thread that runs through all the series of developments up to the new creature in Jesus Christ.

In speaking of the ascent of life, Dr. Funk observes:

"In the lower kingdoms it is a survival of the *fightest*, in the highest a survival of the *fittest*, the struggle for life for ourselves merging into a *struggle for life for others*. Even among men in the earlier days, to discover the greatest man, the measuring-string was placed around the muscle. That was the age of Hercules. Then the time came when the measuring-string was placed around the head. That was the age of Bacon and Shakespeare. But the time comes in the rapidly advancing future when the measuring-string will be placed around the heart, and he who measures most there will be most conformed to the Master; for he is greatest who most fully gives himself for others. . . .

"What means the gradual development in the brain of the cerebrum and cerebellum, the organs of the soul powers, enlarging from generation to generation? These are scarcely visible in the lowest animals. They become larger as we advance up the animal scale of intelligence or psychic power; large in the ape, who came far along the same line that man came; four times as large in the lowest Zulu as in the ape, but far larger in the European and American civilized man—thus slowly made perfect through awful struggles and sufferings, painfully growing a million years or more. Is it not then reasonable to believe that there is a corresponding psychic or soul development from generation to generation in the unseen individuality, the ego, which uses the cerebrum and cerebellum as organs; that up the spiral stairway of evolution the whole man has come—his personality, with its soul powers, and the physical organs of these powers in the brain, and the entire physical man?"

To believe that this existence is all—that for millions of years life has been rising from platform to platform along the spiritual ladder of ascent only to perish utterly—is absurd. Says our author:

"It would require much credulity to believe that Nature has travailed in pain these untold ages to develop a personality that would of its own free will choose goodness, only to destroy that personality as soon as made. John Fiske has well said: 'The materialistic assumption that . . . the life of the soul . . . ends with the life of the body, is perhaps the most colossal instance of assumption that is known in the history of philosophy.'

"That was a provincial notion about the universe which was held before Copernicus's time—the belief that the sun, planets, stars, all revolved around the earth. Copernicus was called the destroyer of faith and bitterly denounced. His idea made the earth but a speck, and the Milky Way—billions of miles long—the mere yard-stick of the universe. All this has immensely enlarged faith—did not destroy it. Darwin, too, was called the destroyer of faith; but now we begin to see that evolution, in giving man countless eons of growth, instead of keeping him a creature of yesterday, bounded by the cradle and grave, has immensely enlarged faith, and beyond thought has added to the dignity of man."

Doubtless many of his readers will be shocked to find that he believes in rebirth; but Dr. Funk is nothing if not fearless in expressing his convictions. He believes that life has risen by a succession of births, from type-life to type-life; and he furthermore holds that those who fail to awaken out of the sense state into the realm of spiritual ascendancy must be born again after this life. On the first point he observes:

"Is it then harder to believe that we should be born again *after* we have lived than that we should be born when we have not lived? The profoundest mystery is the first birth, in which we all believe. . . .

"At each succeeding birth the individuality, to thrive, must be in harmony with its changed surroundings, and the cells that swarm in every living body struggle to bring this to pass. It is the business of the cell to obey the pushings of the governing force in the organization to which it belongs. The plant needs water, minerals, air, sunshine. Its attendant cells hear the cry of their master and build roots into the ground and branches into the air, and weave leaves into lungs and laboratories. Note a vine in some cave—how it works its way toward the hole through which sunshine is streaming, and how it causes some roots to build out toward a vein of water; others toward a skeleton many feet away and along the bones of that skeleton—hungering and thirsting for minerals, water, light, heat. Hungering and thirsting—asking, knocking—the plant receives. Seek and ye shall find; strive and it shall be yours. This is the law in the plant life, the law in the animal life, in the life of the natural man, in the life of the spiritual man."

On the point that the soul is reborn after death, Dr. Funk goes as far as many East Indian teachers. Thus he says:

"Punishment comes, but it is largely within; degeneracy is, through persistent wrongdoing, fixed, inevitable. If a man will not choose to ascend he loses his power to ascend, and must be reborn. God never abandons a soul. Though I make my bed in hell Thou art there. The soul may lose sight of God, but God never of the soul.

"He lights the sun and sweeps the universe that He may find the missing coin. He goes after the lost sheep, leaving the ninety and

nine. He yearns for the returning prodigal. His is untiring, infinite love. More valuable to Him is the most worthless of men than many sheep to the human shepherd. There is pain in the Father's heart until the wanderer returns; nor will that pain cease until somewhere and somehow in the universe the last wanderer has returned."

On the law of growth our author throws out these fine thoughts:

"*Seek* is the law of growth. Its suggestion we see in the plant working its way toward the sunshine. This law comes to perfection in the prayer of the spirit. I desire; therefore I pray, therefore I have. In a deep sense, as a man thinketh so is he. The universe of cells within each man calls him master. Ye are gods—kings upon thrones; your slightest wish is heard; your earnest persistent desire compels obedience. Answer to prayer is a growth, a building up or down to what you wish. Wishing is asking. Ask what you will and from that instance receiving you receive. . . .

"The great original sculptors of Greece whom all the world now studies, as Emerson would say, stayed at home to study, and did not bother much with going to Egypt or Mesopotamia. God is a rewarder of those that diligently seek Him, not by imitation, not outwardly, not with the noise of words that men may hear, but in the closet, in the silence of the inner chamber of the soul. Every man must find himself, and be himself. . . .

"If there is no development of the inner nature I am not a child of the inner kingdom, and cannot be recognized by the Master. He can never manifest Himself to me. Many will say in that day: 'Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? And in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works?'—but who will not have the spiritual nature which alone is the recognizable substance in the inner world."

Here is a passage well calculated to alarm many of the reverend gentleman's orthodox brethren, but it is in perfect alignment with the broader and, we think, more deeply religious concepts of the incoming age:

"It is not necessary to have heard with the outer ear the words of God or the name of Christ. All that is necessary is within the reach of any man in any age or clime, within the reach of an Abraham or Buddha, or Confucius, or a Paul, or Maimonides, or Savonarola, or Luther, before or after Christ was in the flesh. Come whosoever will. God listens to prayer with His ear on the man's inner heart, not at his lips, and an answer to prayer is the growth of the inner nature into the fitness to receive the request. The heat and light which the plant absorbs measure its capacity, not the ability of the sun. Every soul gets what it is fitted to receive. He that willeth to do the will of God develops the nature that is the touchstone and the absorbent of spiritual truth."

These quotations will be sufficient to show how thoroughly the author has come *en rapport* with the revelations of modern science—how whole-heartedly he has accepted the larger truths that have been revealed in our day. And yet it is one of the most profoundly religious volumes that we have read in years—a book so pregnant with vital spiritual truths that we could heartily wish it in the hands of every thoughtful American.

THE PIT. By Frank Norris. Cloth, 421 pp. Price, \$1.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

I.

One takes up this volume with a feeling of deep sadness and lays it down with profound regret, born of the remembrance that the gifted author, in the flush of early manhood and possessing the genius that promised to place him in the very front rank of twentieth-century novelists, has been so recently stricken down by death. He was a strong, fine, manly thinker, a splendid type of the best young manhood of to-day—a conscientious writer with high ideals and gifted in an eminent degree with a realist's brain and a poet's imagination. He possessed the strength and rare power vividly to picture life as it really is that were exhibited by Emile Zola, and yet was free from the revolting naturalism that marred most of the great Frenchman's master works. He was far more than a mere realist. He possessed the imagination of the true poet. Hence, his created characters became colossal and typical, while the subtle charm born of idealism relieved his writings from the dead level of mediocrity that marks the work of those who essay to be realists but who are devoid of imagination and poetic feeling. We hailed Mr. Norris as emphatically the coming American novelist, and in his taking off experience a personal loss.

II.

The reader will naturally compare "The Pit" with its companion volume, "The Octopus," and most critics have pronounced in favor of the last-written work. We confess, however, that we do not share these opinions; for, while "The Pit" is unquestionably more finished and at times evinces greater maturity in thought and expression, it lacks, it seems to us, much of the compelling force and tremendous dramatic power that marked "The Octopus." We have a feeling, in reading the two books, that the author must have spent far more time in the preparation of his first great work than on his last volume.

In "The Pit," Jadwin is a distinctly great creation, a typical Napoleon among speculators, of colossal proportions; yet to our mind he is not nearly so impressive a character study as Magnus Derrick, the overshadowing personality in "The Octopus." Then in "The Octopus" we have a number of powerfully drawn characters that impress their individuality in an unforgettable manner upon the mind. Annixter, Vanamee, S. Behrman, Cedarquist, Dyke, Osterman, Broderson, Hilma Tree—these are strong, typical characters, presenting not only distinct individualities but different view-points of life; and when compared with the little group of people who enter into "The Pit," and who are for the most part very conventional, it is difficult to see how any one can find in Mr. Norris's last book a work comparable to the great drama of the wheat as found in the San Joaquin Valley story.

Nevertheless "The Pit" is a great novel, instinct with present-day American life. The story deals chiefly with the Chicago wheat pit, the

great gambling center or Wall Street of the Middle West. The overshadowing central figure, Curtis Jadwin, is in the opening chapters a remarkably successful real estate dealer, who is deeply interested in a large Sunday-school composed of little waifs in one of the poorer districts of Chicago. Moody, he explains, got him interested in the work. Jadwin is a natural organizer, a strong, daring man of exceptional business power and judgment. His friend Cressler warns him against ever dabbling in stocks. It means ruin in the long run, he explains. Cressler has spoken by the cards, having been one of the tens of thousands of victims of this same pit.

Jadwin early becomes deeply attached to Laura Dearborn, a striking though at first not a very lovable young woman. This lady already has two suitors—an artist named Sheldon Corthell, and a young broker, Landry Court. They all propose and are refused. The young broker takes his defeat philosophically and marries the heroine's sister. The artist folds his tent and flees to Europe. Jadwin immediately begins siege for the capture of the resisting heart. In the long run he wins the prize, and for a time all is joyous.

Jadwin, however, in spite of his determination, has been drawn into the maelstrom of speculation. The Pit has thrown its fatal spell over his imagination. Here for a time success follows success, until he is regarded as the most formidable speculator of the great city. Beginning as a "bear," he eventually becomes the "Great Bull" of the Pit; and at last with him, as with the multitude of other men who are seduced by the fascinating charm of this great Western gambling center, the Pit claims him as its own.

There are men of cold, calculating, and phlegmatic temperament who can gamble or drink or use opium for years, and yet appear to be little influenced. But not so with another class—men of keen imagination, of idealistic and poetic temperament, of high-strung and nervous organism. When one of this class comes under the spell of a potent stimulant, whether it appeals primarily to the physical appetites or to the mental faculties and imaginative world, the results are much the same. The man becomes the victim of the spell, the slave of the illusion. It is all one whether it be hasheesh, absinthe, whisky, lust for power, the dominion of sensual appetites, or the mania for gambling and speculation. In time the baleful spell fills the mental world as darkness fills the windowless cell; and thenceforth, for a time at least, the man, be he ever so great a genius, is the slave of the illusion. Seldom has a novelist given so strong an illustration of this tremendous fact as has Mr. Norris in his portrayal of the career of Curtis Jadwin.

After the fascination of the wheat pit has thrown its spell over his brain, the man becomes transformed. We hear no more of the Sunday-school; his wife is neglected; all those things which he before most enjoyed become for him stale, flat, and unprofitable. The mania for gambling drives out well-nigh all else. He becomes as much the slave of the Pit for a time as man ever becomes of drink, of opium, or

of the hallucinations of well-defined insanity. And seldom indeed has the essential evil of stock gambling been more vividly portrayed than in this work. Barring Zola's great novel entitled "Money," which is also concerned with stock gambling, we know of nothing in contemporaneous fiction more impressive than this work.

During the days when the mania for speculation is holding the "Great Bull" in its deadly grasp, his whole nervous nature is so overwrought that it verges more and more toward complete collapse; while his beautiful but neglected wife is drifting toward the most perilous quicksands upon which a wife can wreck her life. The artist has returned; he has become a constant visitor at the Jadwin house; he notes the neglect and unhappiness of Mrs. Jadwin; he makes love to her, and all but persuades her to fly with him. At the critical moment, however, just as she is on the verge of deserting her husband's home, Curtis Jadwin is overtaken by complete ruin. The wheat destroys his fortune as in "The Octopus" it destroyed the life of S. Behrman; and with the sweeping away of his enormous wealth comes nervous and mental collapse. He is brought to his home more dead than alive. Laura, instead of flying with the artist Corthell, faithfully nurses her husband back to health. It is a long, weary task, but by no means devoid of sweetness, as through the convalescence the two are drawn again together. Jadwin is ruined, but the little fortune that Laura possessed before her marriage has remained intact, and the two determine to move West and begin again. The volume closes with the train bearing them from the great Mistress of the Lake.

All the principal characters are drawn with the fidelity that makes the reader feel that they are real, living human beings. The book is one of the most convincing documents in modern romance.

ECONOMIC TANGLES. By Judson Grenell. Cloth, 220 pp. Price, \$1. Lansing, Mich.: Wynkoop Hallenbeck Crawford Company.

This is one of the most valuable economic books that have appeared in years, and a volume that should be possessed and carefully perused by all friends of social progress. The author possesses the rare power of luminously and entertainingly discussing social and economic problems. He belongs to the new school of political economy that arose after Henry George had fired the moral enthusiasm of the conscience element among the more thoughtful young men of America by his magnificent contributions to the present-day social literature of the world.

One great merit of the volume is found in the spirit of fairness and judicial impartiality that marks the author's treatment of views that do not fully command his approval. Too many of our ablest thinkers have wasted their powers, which should have been concentrated against the rapidly growing plutocracy based on privilege, in fighting other reformers who were combating the overmastering evil, but who were

advancing to the assault on a pathway somewhat divergent from that along which the thinkers in question journeyed; and this warring of reform factions and leaders is, under present conditions, nothing less than criminal. Union for the overthrow of the supreme peril—a soulless plutocracy which has already debauched government in its various ramifications, and which is daily extending its control over the press, the Church, and the college: this is the present demand. When the power of lawless, privilege-bulwarked corporate greed is broken, we can safely reason upon our differences and leave them to the wisdom of an emancipated people.

Mr. Grenell is not only fair, judicial, and extremely interesting, but he shows so clearly where the great tap-root of economic injustice lies that no one who believes in simple justice to all God's children can fail to see the evils and the imperative need of brave, independent thinking; and in most instances the reader will be stimulated to—

"Aid in the only battle wherein no man can fail;
Where whoso fadeth and dieth, yet his work shall still prevail."

It is not to be expected that the reader will at all times agree with the author, but if he be *en rapport* with the highest ideals of the great revolution—those of freedom, fraternity, justice, and equality of opportunity and rights—he will find here far more to commend than to reject. The volume contains thirty chapters, in which such subjects as the following are discussed: "The World's Tribute to Monopoly;" "Trusts and Labor Organizations;" "Guilds of the Middle Ages;" "The Confusion Concerning Capital;" "Makeshifts for Justice;" "Half a Loaf versus No Bread;" "Progress of Socialism;" "Have All Wealth Producers an Equal Chance?" "The Moral Status of the Single Tax;" "Who Pays the Taxes?" "The Public and Public Franchises;" "The Slow Progress of Great Moral Reforms."

This work originally appeared as a series of papers in a daily journal, and was therefore prepared with a view to instructing the general public and interesting the casual reader to such an extent that he would be willing to search further. It therefore makes no claim to being deep or thorough-going, but it is one of the very best books to give those who show signs of awakening from the long and deadly sleep in which the American people have overlong indulged.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM, AND WHO ARE THESE SPIRITUALISTS? By J. M. Peebles, A.M., M.D. Cloth, 131 pp. Battle Creek, Mich.: The Peebles Print.

Dr. Peebles is a man of broad, deep culture. He was educated for the Christian ministry, and for many years ably officiated as a clergyman. He was also graduated in medicine, while his general scholastic education has been broadened by four journeys around the globe, made in the capacity of teacher and student; and during these journeys he

has, in India and Ceylon as well as in Europe, studied profoundly the religious thought of the world's greatest teachers. He has also been in close *rapprochement* with most of the great men of the last fifty years in the Old World and the New who have investigated psychic phenomena. Hence, his volume holds special interest for thoughtful readers.

The first part is devoted to an exposition of Spiritualism that is, we think, one of the clearest and best presentations of the subject that have been made. Space forbids our quoting more than the following paragraphs, in which the author differentiates between Spiritualism and Spiritism, as he understands these terms:

"Spiritualism must be differentiated from spiritism. The terminologies of the two words absolutely necessitate, as every scholar knows, entirely different meanings. Chinese, Indians, and Utah Mormons are spiritists, believing in present spirit communications. Most of the African tribes of the Dark Continent worship demons and believe in spirit converse, but certainly they are not intelligent, religious Spiritualists.

"Spiritism is a science—a fact—a sort of modernized Babylonian necromancy. The baser portion of its devotees, hypnotized by the unembodied denizens of Hades, divine for dollars. It is promiscuous spirit commerce with a high tariff. It is from the lower spheres, and morally gravitates toward the dark. It has its legerdemain, its tricksters, frauds, and traveling tramps. They should be exposed and shunned as you would shun dens of adders. Spiritism, I repeat, is fact; so is geology, so is mesmerism, so is telepathy, and so also is a rattlesnake's bite. Facts may be morally true or false. They may serve for purposes of good or direst ill. As an exhibition of wonders—as pabulum for skeptical atheists, who demand visible sight of the invisible infinite One, and insist upon a terrific clap of thunder to convince them of the existence of electricity, commercial spiritism with its seeking for gold fields, and hunting for 'social affinities,' with its attending shadowy hosts, manifesting in ill-ventilated séance-rooms, may be a temporary necessity and to a degree useful; but it legitimately belongs, with such kindred subjects as mesmerism, to the category of the sciences.

"But Spiritualism, originating in God, who is Spirit, and grounded in man's moral nature, is a substantial fact, and infinitely more—a fact plus reason and conscience; a fact relating to moral and religious culture—a sublime spiritual truth ultimating in consecration to the good, the beautiful, and the heavenly.

"Spiritualism is the philosophy of life—and the direct antithesis of materialism. If the illustrious Tyndall saw the 'potency and promise' of all life in matter, Spiritualists, with all rationalistic idealists, see the potency and promise of all life and evolutionary unfoldment in Spirit, which Spirit permeates and energizes the matter of all the subordinate kingdoms—mineral, vegetable, and animal."

The larger portion of the volume is given up to the testimony of the great multitude of the world's most illustrious savants, philosophers, clergymen, teachers, editors, and essayists who have investigated psychical phenomena and have become convinced that there is a life after the change called death, and that under certain conditions it is possible for the disembodied spirit to manifest and to converse with those in the flesh to-day. Among these witnesses are Alfred Russel Wallace, Professor Crookes, M. Thiers (ex-President of the French Republic), William Makepeace Thackeray, Mrs. Browning, Gerald Massey, and Vic-

tor Hugo. The testimony and experiences of these and others cannot fail to be of interest to those attracted to the investigation of psychical phenomena.

There is one passage in the volume that, while it does not throw any light on the question, "If a man die shall he live again?"—with which the volume is chiefly concerned—is yet very interesting from a psychological view-point. It relates to Dickens's experiences with his creations, and is as follows:

"Charles Dickens, in a letter to Forster, the author of the 'Life of Charles Dickens,' says: 'When in the midst of this trouble and pain, I sit down to my books, some beneficent power shows it all to me, and tempts me to be interested; and I don't invent—really I do not—but *see it* and write it down.' James T. Field, Dickens's American publisher, says Dickens told him that, when writing 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' little Nell was constantly at his elbow, no matter where he might happen to be, claiming his attention and demanding his sympathy, as if jealous when he spoke to anybody else. When he was writing 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' Mrs. Gamp kept him in such paroxysms of laughter by whispering to him in the most inopportune places—sometimes even in church—that he was compelled to fight her off by main force, when he did not want her company, and threatened to have nothing more to do with her unless she could behave better, and come only when she was called."

This volume will doubtless have a wide sale, and, coming from a man who is at once deeply religious and a conscientious scholar exceptionally equipped for presenting his thought authoritatively, it possesses a value too often wanting in such works.



BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Our Benevolent Feudalism." By W. J. Ghent. Cloth, 202 pp. Price, \$1.25 net. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"The Proofs of Life After Death." A Twentieth Century Symposium compiled and edited by Robert J. Thompson. Cloth, 365 pp. Price, \$2 net. Chicago: Robert J. Thompson.

"Loyal Traitors." By Raymond L. Bridgman. Cloth, 310 pp. Price, \$1 net. Boston, Mass.: James H. West.

"The International Directory of Booksellers." Cloth, 384 pp. Price, six shillings net. Rochdale, England: James Clegg.

"How Baldy Won the County Seat." By Chas. J. Adams. Cloth, 383 pp. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

"Climbing the Heights." By Martha Ellen Hale. Cloth, 329 pp. Price, \$1. Chicago: Scroll Pub. Co.

"A Man of Wax." By Laura M. Dake. Cloth, 122 pp. San Francisco: The Whittaker and Ray Company.

"The Life and Labors of Sir Isaac Pitman." By Ben Pitman. Illustrated, cloth, 202 pp. Price, \$1 net. Cincinnati, Ohio: Ben Pitman, Phonographic Institute.

"Scientific Bible." By Mary A. Hunt. Cloth, 73 pp. Price, \$1. Chicago: F. E. Ormsby.

"The Key that Fits the Lock, or Justice for the Toilers." By Elizabeth. Paper, 96 pp. Price, fifty cents. Gerard, Kansas: The Appeal Pub. Co.

"Practical Hypnotism." By O. Hashnu Hara. Paper, 103 pp. Price, one shilling net. The Apocalyptic Pub. Co., 12 St. Stephens Mansions, Westminster, London, S. W.

"Supply and Demand." By John Patterson. Paper, 43 pp. Published by the author at Nelson, B. C.

"Faith Built on Reason." By F. L. Abbott. Cloth, 83 pp. Price, fifty cents; postage six cents. Boston: James H. West Company.

"Behind the Bars." By Mary A. Jenks, M.D. Cloth, illustrated, 179 pp. Published by the author at Pawtucket, R. I.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE brief but suggestive article, "A Plea for Simpler Living," contributed to this month's ARENA by the Hon. Samuel M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo, is a timely protest against one of the growing evils of our civilization. Yet it must be confessed that the writer has left a number of things unsaid. There is a rational opulence that may be the object of legitimate pursuit; for *motive* is properly the deciding factor as to the wisdom of any undertaking. The accumulation of "things" is of less importance than the purpose for which they are sought. We often mistake the means for the end. But the base quality of greed, as manifested by the rich, is nearly always the result of opportunity plus habit intensified by human ingratitude, while among the poor it is invariably the outcome of necessity. Monopoly by the few inspires a fear of poverty among the many. The craze for "luxuries" is only a mistaken expression of the natural and righteous desire for happiness, and they often represent a mere investment intended to guarantee the possession of life's necessities.

This subconscious fear of personal penury is the greatest obstacle in the path of racial development. Its ramifications extend throughout all avenues of existence—frequently leading to political corruption, mental dishonesty, economic oppression, ethical insincerity, and religious hypocrisy. Two of these phases of the situation are admirably treated by Dr. Magnusson and Mr. Bennett in this issue of THE ARENA. The former occupies the chair of history and social science in the Minnesota State Normal School at St. Cloud, and in his satire of "The Town That Was Sold" outlines some of the probable consequences to the race if our laws continue to shield the monopolizer of natural opportunities. The latter is a well-known

Baltimore journalist, and in pointing out some of the autocratic features of our boasted Democracy he plainly shows how easily the greed for material wealth may develop into a thirst for power of all kinds.

Mr. Flower's opening editorial is a vitally important addition to this discussion. It will be continued also in the May number, presenting "The Case Against the Trusts." The second article will deal with the extortions practised by certain corporations upon the consumers and the oppression of their employees, concluding with their debauching influence on political life.

In Mr. Flower's essay on Mazzini, in our last number (page 267, twelfth line), an unfortunate typographical error made him say "Napoleon Bonaparte" where "Emperor Napoleon III." was intended. His continuation of the subject in the present issue, embodying many striking paragraphs from the great Italian's writings, is earnestly commended to every sincere political economist and social reformer of our own day.

The contribution by Mrs. Gaffney, in this number, on "Modern Dramatic Realism," is an exceedingly timely paper by a competent critic. The author is the head of the world's most powerful organization of women. The National Council, of which she is president, represents twenty different societies in the United States having a total membership of 1,200,000. One of its objects is the improvement of the general condition of women.

"Mormonism and Polygamy" is the topic of a symposium now in preparation for our next issue. President Smith, of the Reorganized Church, and John T. Bridwell, general secretary of the Anti-Mormon Missionary Association, will contribute to the discussion, which will be fraught with unusual interest owing to the formal protests recently lodged against the seating of Senator Smoot.

The May ARENA will also contain a supplementary article on the Venezuela affair by Edwin Maxey, LL.D., our special contributor on international questions, in addition to "The Lust of Money," by the Hon. Boyd Winchester; "The Federation of Labor," by James A. Slanker; "True Patriotism and Good Citizenship," by John T. Yates, and other features of the kind that distinguishes our monthly table of contents as an impartial review of the world's progress.

J. E. M.